THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

Sunday, June 28, 1931

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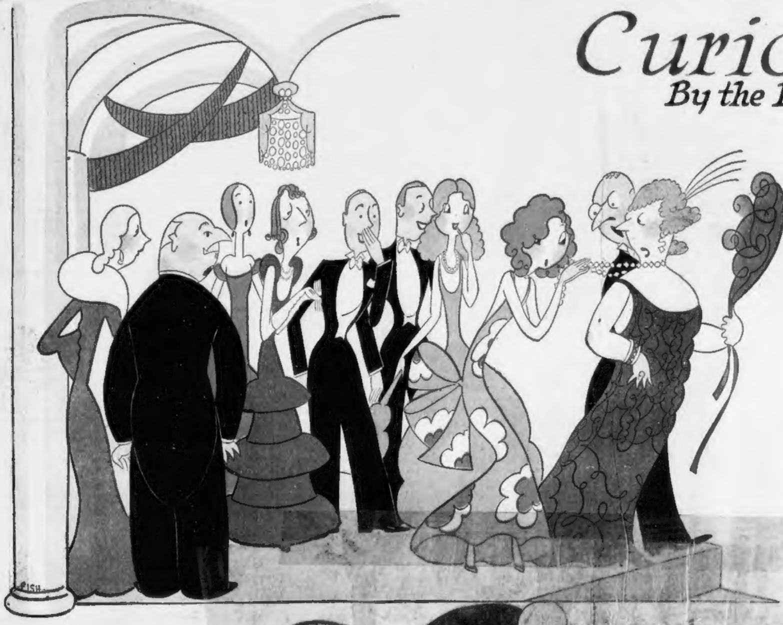
Curious Kitty

By the Brilliant Satirist

Fish

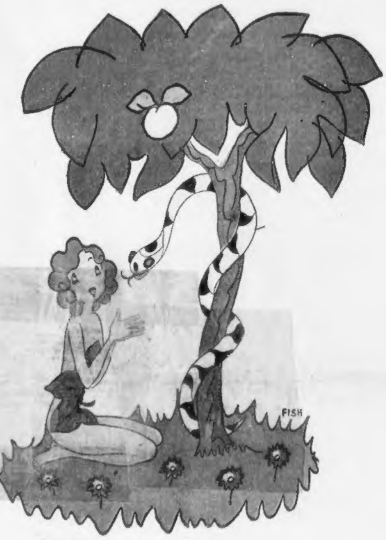
Verses by

Carolyn Wells



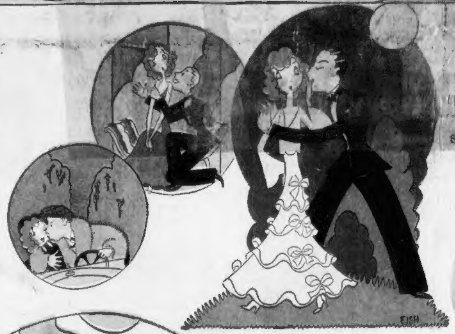
1

Kitty was the darling of her
smart, exclusive set;
Clever, chic and witty, she was
surely Fortune's pet.
But though Kitty was as good
as any girl would need
to be,
She did possess the most ter-
rific cu-ri-os-i-tee!



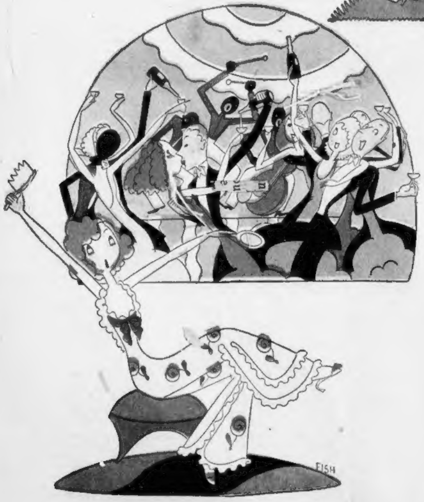
2

Kitty's parents were adoring, her home a Paradise;
But Kitty longed for more than this to give her life a spice.
She was Mother Eve's own daughter, and I think you will agree
The serpent only tempted Eve through cu-ri-os-i-tee.



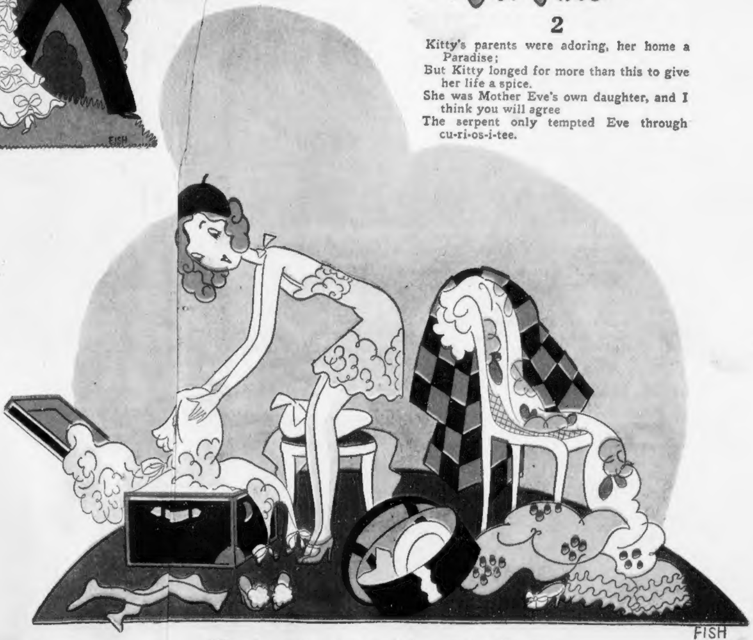
3

Kitty was very fed up with the boys who came to call;
She petulantly said, "When you've seen one, you've seen them all!
Oh, yes, I know of two or three who have Satanic lure,
They think they are the World's Own Worst—but I am not so sure.



4

"And out in the Great Somewhere I feel certain there must be
Adventure that will gratify my cu-ri-os-i-tee.
I'm going to leave this stupid place, where I am bored to tears.
I'm going where the daily grind is run on higher gears.



5

"I'm going to get a job, for that's the cream in coffee now;
And as a working girl I rather think I'll be a wow!"
She packed her bag and started. The busy city's hum
Seemed vibrant with adventures, all calling her to come!

(To Be Continued)

Omaha's "Model Youth" Until He Needed Money—and Killed a Policeman

EVERYONE in Omaha, Nebraska, who knew Eddie Jedlicka liked and admired him. Fathers pointed him out to their sons as a conspicuous example of enterprise and clean living. Mothers worried about their daughters' selection of boy friends used to say: "Why don't you go around with some nice, gentlemanly young man like that Jedlicka boy?" In short, Eddie was what is known as a "model boy."

Sometimes that distinction implies that a boy is what his fellows call a "sissy." Eddie was anything but that. His courage and his muscle matched his even disposition and his clean habits of life. He got on as well with boys of his own age as he did with grown-ups.

No one ever saw Eddie Jedlicka take a drink or smoke a cigarette. No one ever heard him swear. He didn't run around with girls or hang out in pool-rooms. When he wasn't working, or at home, he usually could be found in the gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A.

Today the "model boy" is behind the bars—a confessed murderer who probably will spend the rest of his days paying for the brutal crime of shooting a policeman in cold blood. And the motive, so far as can be learned, was the imagined need of a few dollars—$15 to be exact—to fix up a second-hand automobile.

Eddie Jedlicka is a puzzle to himself, to his family and to his large circle of friends. He is more of a puzzle to criminologists, who find it difficult to trace the mental and emotional transformation which made a ruthless, straight-shooting thug out of a human being to whom crime and violence seemed unthinkable.

The ex-model boy cannot be catalogued as a "thrill killer." His deed was not a crime of passion. The desire to appear romantic did not impel him to buy two .38-calibre automatic pistols and empty them into the body of an officer of the law. And he can hardly blame his act on "temporary insanity," for he remembers every detail of the killing and talks coherently about it. He refuses to subscribe to the explanation offered in one newspaper account of his crime that "something slipped in his mind."

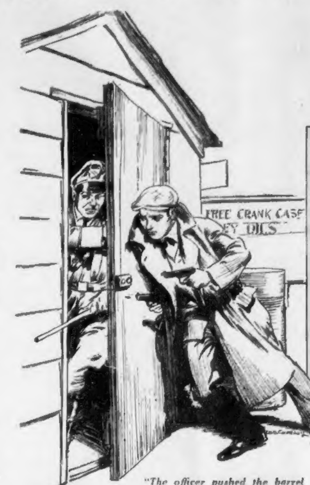
"I wanted fifteen dollars to fix my car and I didn't have the money," he said. "You know how I tried to get it, and what happened. I have no excuses to offer."

It was only a few weeks ago that Eddie Jedlicka, lacking the few dollars necessary to put his second-hand automobile in good condition, came into possession of a pair of .38-calibre automatic pistols. It is more than likely that he never had any intention of pulling the triggers of these deadly weapons, but that he visualized the business of getting $15 with them as a quick and bloodless operation.

It may be that a series of filling station hold-ups in Omaha suggested an idea to the model boy. But he couldn't have made a greater mistake, because on the night he decided to get the money he wanted, fifty policemen were "planted" in as many filling stations about the city lying in wait for the hoodlums who had looted thousands of dollars from the tills of such establishments.

Eddie did not go alone on his ill-fated quest for $15. He drove around the city in his car apparently looking for the likeliest station to hold up. With him were his younger brother, Anton, and a friend named Bill Griffith. Anton is 18 and Griffith is a year younger.

The Coryell gas station at Thirtieth and Parker Streets looked good to the model-boy-turned-bandit. He and Griffith got out of the machine, Eddie armed with his brace of automatics and his partner with one pistol. Anton Jedlicka sat in the car and kept the motor running so that the amateur bandits could make a quick getaway when the job was done.



"The officer pushed the barrel of the riot gun through the crack left by the partly open door. Jedlicka slammed the door shut as the officer pulled the gun barrel back. Jedlicka sprang the lock. Officer Sullivan fired through the door. Then Jedlicka started shooting."

Eddie Jedlicka, the "Model Youth" of Omaha, Who Never Smoked, Nor Drank, But Who, When He Needed Money, Attempted a Hold-Up and Fired Eight Bullets Into the Body of a State Policeman.

For an amateur Eddie was amazingly cool. He said calmly to the attendant: "It's a stick-up. Put out the lights." His order was obeyed with alacrity, for the victim of the hold-up naturally assumed that he was at the mercy of members of an experienced and organized gang of gunmen.

Jedlicka, knowing that the station usually had two attendants, thought the other man had hidden in the stock room. He opened the door and found himself facing a policeman armed with a riot gun. With all the poise of an experienced thug, Eddie tried to kick the door shut just as the officer—whose name was James Sullivan—moved to put the butt of the gun to his shoulder.

The officer pushed the barrel of his riot gun through the crack left by the partly open door. Jedlicka slammed the door shut as the officer pulled the gun barrel back. Jedlicka sprang the lock. Officer Sullivan fired through the door. Then Jedlicka started shooting.

Perhaps the "model boy" got so excited that he didn't realize what he was doing. But with all the craft of an old hand at hold-ups he jumped to one side and began pumping bullets through the panels of the door. Sixteen times his automatics barked and sixteen black round holes attested to the steadiness of his aim. Eight of these bullets entered the body of the policeman, who died like a rat in a trap. It wasn't necessary, but Bill Griffith sent a bullet from his gun through the splintered door panel.

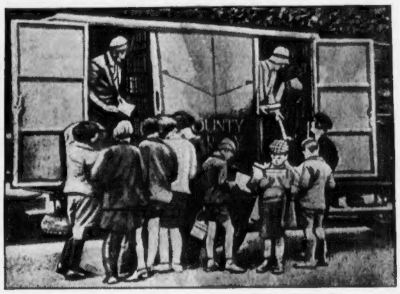
When Anton Jedlicka, waiting outside in the car, heard the shots he decided that he had better get somewhere else as rapidly as possible. He stepped on the accelerator and was several blocks from the scene before anyone could connect him with the affair. Eddie and Griffith, finding their means of a quick getaway cut off, ran from the station and managed to reach Griffith's home before anyone picked up their trail.

Later that night the "model boy" went to his own home and says he spent the night praying for the repose of his victim's soul.

The next day Eddie and Griffith gave their pistols to a friend of theirs, who made a bad job of hiding the guns. It was only three days later that the guns were found by the police and the crime pinned on the "model boy," his brother and their partner. Griffith had skipped out of the city but was picked up in Stockton, California.

Eddie Jedlicka is as much of a model prisoner as he was a "model boy" and he gives his jailers no trouble. He seems ready for whatever fate his inexplicable plunge into crime will cost him.

From his cell he issues some advice for boys who may be moved to emulate him. It's this: "Don't own a car when you can't afford it, and don't own firearms. They were made to kill people."



The Traveling Library for the Children of Kent County, England, Which Brings Books From the City to the Doors of the Rural Homes.

Traveling Library for Rural Children

THE youngsters of Kent County, England, have only a few small public libraries, yet they can read most of the books that are available to the children of London and Liverpool, cities which boast some of the finest libraries in the world.

This was not the case until a few weeks ago when a large motor bus equipped with many rows of book shelves and in charge of two expert librarians, arrived in the county after a fast run from London. The bus is called the traveling library and it is all that its name implies.

On its first trip it stopped at a score of small towns and hamlets, where it put several hundred of the best of children's books in the hands of the younger inhabitants of these places. The librarians recommended certain volumes to boys and girl who weren't sure just what they'd like to read, and supplied other boys and girls with books which they wanted to read but did not have the money to buy or couldn't get in local libraries, if any.

Of course, the motorized library can't give its patrons as wide a selection as the permanent libraries in London and other large cities, but it can carry what might be called a collection of the cream of the best children's books. These books include, besides the most popular juvenile fiction, volumes on popular science, travel books, histories written especially for youthful minds and carefully selected collections of verse for readers whose minds run to poetry.

Every boy and every girl who takes a book from the rolling library fills out a card which is kept on file in the bus. The card permits him or her to keep one or more books for two weeks, and in special cases for as long as a month. On the next trip of the traveling library these volumes are collected and the patrons are permitted to make other selections.

Nor are the book borrowers limited to the regular stock of reading matter carried by the portable library, for the librarians will try to get any book that is wanted from their headquarters in London.

Occasionally the librarians give short talks on books to their patrons in an attempt to familiarize them with the best of children's books. The so-called classics, such as "Alice in Wonderland" and Kipling's "Jungle Book," are in great demand, as are the somewhat older fables and fairy tales written by Aesop and Grimm. For the youngsters who are too young to understand such stories, the library carries a shelf of picture books having very simple text.

The grown-ups of Kent County have been inspired by the automotive library to seek similar advantages for themselves, and it is probable that another bus, stocked with reading matter for adults, soon will be making the rounds of the little towns and hamlets in this section of England.

The immediate success of the motorized library has moved several philanthropically minded Englishmen to furnish the money for other such buses, which will operate in sections of the country where rural residents find it difficult to borrow books.

Some of these rolling libraries will, like the one that serves the youngsters of Kent, be maintained especially for children. Others will carry reading matter for adults. Probably the first of the buses to be put into service will run between Manchester and isolated communities in the coal and iron district.

Another Beauty Picked by Carol

KING CAROL of Rumania, who has a way of renouncing thrones and stealing them back again, is perhaps better known as a connoisseur of beautiful women than as a director of national destinies.

When he first arrived back in Bucharest from Paris he was too busy gathering the threads of power in his hands to think much about entertaining or being entertained. But now that affairs are running a bit more smoothly he is gradually making his court a gayer, pleasanter place for himself and his friends.

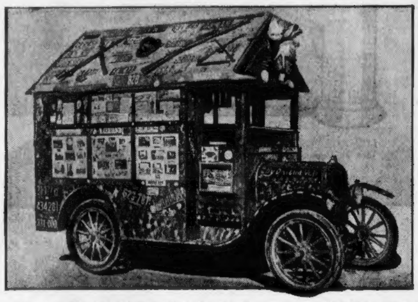
The bright particular star of his gradually growing cast of entertainers is Mlle. Grit Doresco, a Rumanian beauty who has had the honor of dancing before most of the crowned heads of Europe. By Carol's imperial decree she is the court's "official entertainer" and is supposed to appear whenever His Royal Majesty commands.

Her appointment to this position, which hundreds of dancers would have been delighted to get, is said to prevent her from appearing at any performance outside of the royal residence, unless special permission is granted her by Carol himself. Her salary as "official entertainer" is rumored to be $1,000 a week.

It is said that the dancer is busy assembling a corps of trained dancers, to be known as the Royal Ballet, and that a symphony orchestra is being formed to furnish the music for the group when it dances for the amusement of King Carol and his court.

ACME PHOTO

Mlle. Grit Doresco, Whom King Carol, With Hi ve for Beauty, Has Just Appointed Official Entertainer to the hanian Court.



The Four-Wheeled Museum, Built by Two War Veterans, Which Is Covered With Hundreds of Interesting Relics and Pictures. The Owners Make Their Living by Exhibiting the Mobile Collection All Over the Country.

Veterans Build Museum on Wheels

ONE of the strangest looking automobiles to be seen on the roads of this country is a sort of wandering museum owned and operated by two veterans of the World War.

Both men were wounded overseas. They were buddies in the war and they decided to be buddies in peace. Some time after the armistice they acquired a small and inexpensive car, which they remodeled by building a house-like body on the chassis. They fitted the interior with sleeping and cooking accommodations and painted the outside in imitation of the camouflage design used on artillery during the war.

To make the machine even more obviously the rolling home of two ex-service men, they attached various war relics to the camouflaged body. Chief among these things were a German cavalry sabre and its scabbard, a rifle and a "tin" hat. Here and there the owners of the unusual bus affixed the insignias of the army outfits in which, or against which, they had fought.

They had no idea of "cashing in" on their war service—that is, they didn't want to make a lot of money. But they did hope to make their modest traveling expenses by selling picture postcards of their machine. The income from this source is ample for their needs.

At the beginning of its travels the car was not much of a museum. But as it made its way about the country, through desert and forest and over mountains, its owners decorated it with pictures of the territory they had visited, with automobile license plates which they had acquired in various states, and even with postage stamps.

Probably several million persons have seen the curiously ornamented machine since it began its more or less aimless wanderings about the country. It has traveled the snow-clogged roads of northern New England and chugged along the torrid highways of Texas, from which the occupants of the machine could look across into Mexico.

The one-time doughboys have parked their museum in the shadow of the giant redwoods of California and beside the heavily saline waters of Great Salt Lake. They have stopped in thousands of farmhouse yards in the "sticks" of a dozen states, and pulled up at the curbs in the principal squares of more than a score of populous cities.

Wherever they go they find a keen interest in their museum and in themselves. Sometimes they talk about their experiences in the war, but not often. In the course of their several years of touring the United States they have met many of their old buddies and they have been the honored guests at more American Legion posts than they can remember.

The wandering ex-doughboys have become authorities on conditions from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Canadian border to Mexico. They know where the good roads are and how much it costs to travel by automobile. They are familiar with the location and conveniences of hundreds of motor camps. And although they do not presume to be students of economic conditions, they can talk intelligently on the effect of the present business depression in half the states of the Union. They think this is an ideal time to have a job like theirs—a job which can be done where conditions are favorable.

Governors, mayors and police chiefs have welcomed them and taken a keen interest in the exhibits of war and of peace with which their somewhat battered bus is literally covered, and the itinerant veterans now count their friends and acquaintances in thousands.

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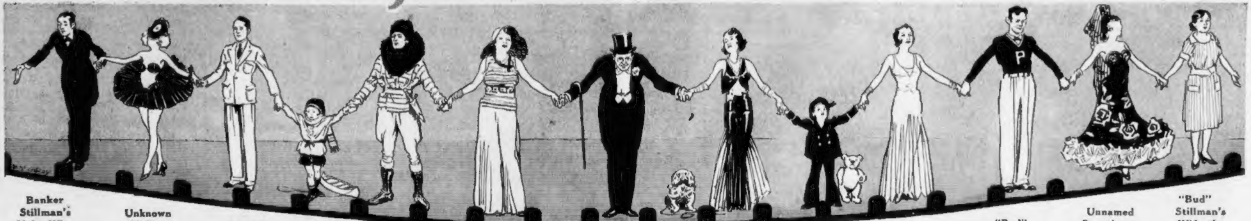
The Latest Surprise in the Stillman Divorce Case


Banker Stillman's Valet Who Told of His Master's Delinquencies, and Nobody Scolded Him.
Unknown "Follies" Girl Stillman May Perhaps Marry.
Fowler McCormick, 32, New Husband of Mrs. Stillman.
Baby Guy, Who Stillman Said Was a Papoose.
Indian Fred, Who Denied Mrs. Stillman's Favors
Mrs. Stillman, 52, a Very Remarkable Woman.
Banker Stillman, Who Staged the Great Social Drama.
Flo Leeds, Discovered With Stillman on His Yacht.
Baby Jay Leeds, Also in the Cast of Characters.
Anne Stillman, Who Stood by Her Father in the Trial.
"Bud" Stillman, Who Stood by His Mother Steadfastly.
Unnamed Sweetheart of Mr. Stillman Who Was Discovered in Cuba.
"Bud" Stillman's Wife, the Lumberjack's Poor but Worthy Daughter.

No Novelist or Dramatist Would Have the Courage to Suggest the Dizzy Things That Have Happened in the Extraordinary Domestic Tragedy in This Family of Wealth and Social Eminence

"Fifi" Potter, as a Debutante, When She Married Stillman.

Baby Guy Stillman. Does He Look Like a Little Papoose?

Photograph of the Divorced Mrs. Stillman on Her Honeymoon at a Long Island, N. Y. Beach, the Bride of Fowler McCormick, Her Son "Bud's" College Chum.

IT was ten years ago that James A. Stillman suddenly stepped out on the stage of publicity and introduced to the astonished public his attractive wife "Fifi" and Fred Beauvais, a Canadian Indian half-breed. Mr. Stillman told the New York courts that his wife had selected this Indian as a sweetheart in preference to himself and that the Indian was the father of their youngest child, Guy.

Mr. Stillman was the president of the biggest bank in America and one of the richest men in New York. His wife was of an old New York family of the highest social standing. No piece of news since Harry Thaw shot Stanford White so startled the American public as the famous divorce suit of James A. Stillman against his wife. People who had never heard of his bank gasped with astonishment at the series of unnatural and almost unbelievable happenings which developed in that suit and from it.

As the two star actors, Mr. and Mrs. Stillman, dragged the other members of the family into the spotlight of publicity, they all turned out to be extraordinary characters in one way or another, sure to do the unexpected and astonishing thing. Even strangers, as soon as they mingled with this extraordinary family, seemed to get bitten by the same germ and exhibit the same sort of behavior.

And now the other day the newest chapter in that extraordinary romance-tragedy was revealed to the public when Mrs. Stillman, having reunited with her husband, decided to divorce him—and immediately married the college chum of one of her children, Fowler McCormick, twenty years younger than herself. McCormick is thirty-two and his blushing bride is fifty-two. Fowler's act eclipses anything that has gone before but not by very much. For instance, look at the spectacular start with which Mr. Stillman opened his legal drama.

Banker Stillman is a good poker player and knows the rules of the game. If he has four aces in his hand, he knows he is just about certain to win. Mr. Stillman had received a startling letter he said was written by his wife which he showed to his friends and his lawyer, and they all agreed that this paper was a confession; and if ever a man had four legal aces with which to sit into a lawsuit game, Stillman had it in this document, they were sure. It was a long, rambling letter written while Mrs. Stillman was a patient of a doctor in Buffalo, where she was being treated for "nerves" just before baby Guy was born. Among the astonishing things in that letter were these:

"I am not smashed, but if you loved all your family and were going to have an Indian baby that you tried not to hate; that there was not a spot for you with honor or peace . . . Fred meant to be kind, but he had won me and I was his and no one else wanted me, and he is much Indian."

What an extraordinary pat hand to hold at the start of a divorce suit. Not one husband in a million would have such luck. But Stillman lost his divorce suit. That extraordinary document, which his lawyers called a convincing confession, turned out to be not only not four aces, but not even a two-spot. To their chagrin the courts ruled that it must be kept out of the case, not on the ground that it was not a genuine document written by the accused woman—but because it was "confidential"—something which Mrs. Stillman had written Mr. Stillman. And the law does not permit a husband or wife to use in court a confidental communication made by one to the other.

While the battle was on Mrs. Stillman granted interviews to the press in which she plastered her husband with mud. And when her rival, the former Flo Leeds, the former chorus girl friend of her husband, turned up with a baby whose paternity she credited to Stillman, Mrs. Stillman gave three cheers and advised her to fight him like a tiger.

After it was all over and Stillman had lost the case, nobody doubted what the next move would be. Two persons who had exposed and publicly shamed each other could not possibly endure the sight of one another. The husband would now, of course, let his wife get a divorce, the only question being how much alimony. But not at all. Instead, Mr. and Mrs. Stillman announced a "happy reconciliation," they resumed their relations as husband and wife and were "happier than ever." Many persons were more shocked by this reconciliation than by anything in the way of hostilities this remarkable pair did to each other.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO.

Fred Beauvais, the Half-Breed French-Canadian Indian Guide.

Florence Leeds, Who Was Stillman's Companion on His Yacht "Modesty."

The Happy Smile on the Face of Banker Stillman When the Reporters Told Him His Wife Had Divorced Him.

Fowler McCormick, Who Has Just Married Mrs. Stillman, 20 Years Older Than Himself.

Now, either one of two things must have been true. Either Mr. Stillman was right—as he swore he himself believed and thought he could prove—or Mr. Stillman was wrong and his innocent and injured wife had been about as miserably outraged and humiliated as it is possible for a high-minded woman to be. If Stillman changed his mind and realized the outrageous injustice he had done his wife, then a life of penitence and self-sacrifice for her would have been not too much of a penance, and surely she could have taken him back on no other basis.

But the recent allegations in Mrs. Stillman's divorce suit assert that Stillman has neglected her and has been running around with another woman in Havana. Does James A. Stillman still believe, as he swore he did, that his wife welcomed the attentions of that Canadian Indian? And, if so, why did he reunite with her and take back to his home the child he said was not his?

But if Stillman believes he was all wrong in those terrible charges and the public humiliation he heaped on an innocent wife and, therefore, felt it was the least he could do to welcome her back and thus prove to the public he was wrong—then why does he give Mrs. Stillman cause to get a divorce from him? Stillman's own valet gave the testimony of his master's guilt, and this man is still his valet.

But if the courts refused to give Mr. Stillman the decision he demanded, there was another kind of a jury which sat on the case and pronounced a different verdict. The Social Register is a catalogue of personages of wealth, importance or high social standing. A committee of socially prominent men and women sit in judgment on all names proposed for the Social Register. Of course, the Stillman family had for many years been in this list, and Mrs. Stillman, who was "Fifi" Potter, was of even older and better social standing, and was in the list.

But while the courts were deliberating on the guilt or innocence of "Fifi" Potter Stillman, the Social Register jury considered the facts [illegible] wiped the whole outfit out of the b[illegible]k. And the present latest issue of the Social Register completely ignores Stillman and his wife and all the children, with the exception of daughter Anne Stillman, who married Mr. Henry P. Davison, and by this means has crept back into the list. The deliberations of the Social Register board are kept secret; it would be interesting to know on what grounds they struck the Stillmans off the list. Did they admit to their deliberations the "confession" letter the courts ruled out?

Regardless of what she might have done, many pitied poor Mrs. Stillman for the dreadful glare of publicity that beat on her for four years, and feared it would kill or drive her mad. But when the suit was over and she could hide from it the world was astonished to see her apparently not displeased by further publicity. They saw her photographed getting in and out of aeroplanes and telling reporters that she was going to make sensational flights, even across the Atlantic. When her rival, Flo Leeds, opened a hat shop, kind and forgiving Mrs. Stillman gave the shop a boost and hoped everyone would patronize it.

And next Mrs. Stillman astonished the public by starting a magazine. It was called "Panorama," and Mrs. Stillman was owner, chairman of the board and a contributor of fashion articles. It expired in five months.

When everything was quieted down, the Stillmans got their faces into the papers again and stirred the whole story up once more by a curious interview Stillman gave. In this he told the world that he had been reading a book just published, called "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." He had come across the phrase, "unrepentant but too beautiful to kill," and this seemed to fit his own family situation. This inspired him to make plans to "win back" his wife. "Helen of Troy" is the story of the shameless behavior of a trouble-making woman with no morals whatever.

Her son, "Bud" Stillman, championed his mother, believing her innocent and, if so, must have thought his father an unpardonable wretch. But with extraordinary sweetness he forgot and forgave as soon as his mother said it was all right. Her daughter Anne, however, stood by her father. But as her wedding to Mr. Davison approached she, too, became reconciled to her mother.

Bud's chum at Princeton, Fowler McCormick, not only championed his friend's mother, but was with her so much that there was considerable gossip and would have been more if the difference in their ages had not made the thought of romance ridiculous. Mr. Stillman is also forgiving, did not mind the gossip, and now, after ten years, hands his aging wife over to his boy rival with his blessing and best wishes and a broad smile.

In the meanwhile Bud married Miss Lena Wilson, a highly respectable Canadian servant girl. This was somewhat remarkable for an ex-Social Registerite, and he was getting considerable publicity. But his mother took the wedding in hand and got herself onto the first page again by throwing dishes at the reporters. It seems that the reporters were discussing the social aspects of the wedding, and one said that considering what had been said about Mr. and Mrs. Stillman a servant girl with a blameless reputation marrying into the family ought to raise, not lower, its social standing. Mrs. Stillman, coming to ask the reporters if they wanted some champagne, heard that speech, and instead of giving them wine gave them the works in the form of a shower of plates.

By naming him as his wife's sweetheart, Stillman made Fred Beauvais the most famous Indian guide or half-breed of any sort in the world. He could have gone into vaudeville and gotten rich. But, like everyone else who gets mixed up with the Stillmans, he did the unexpected, got mad and sued both the Stillmans for ruining his reputation as a virtuous man and damaging him in other grievous ways. But Indian Fred's claims seem to have been settled out of court. At any rate, Fred was not seen at the wedding of the lady who had made him famous, and if he added his congratulations to the bride, his message has not been made known.

Stage people can usually be relied upon to grab all the publicity they can, even if it is not entirely flattering. During Stillman's four-year fight to get rid of his wife, the searchlight of publicity, turning here and there, revealed Flo Leeds, attractive former Follies girl, occupying the star's dressing room, or, rather, stateroom, on the yacht of her friend and admirer, Stillman. And, as if a comic touch were needed in that domestic tragedy, that yacht was named the "Modesty."

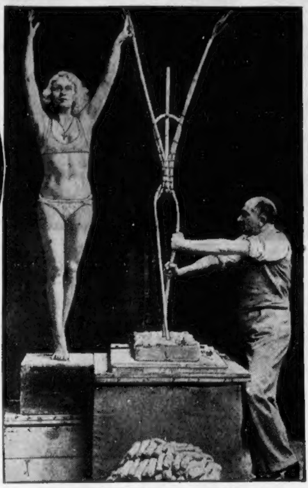
And Flo Leeds, like everyone else concerned, did the unexpected, turned out to be a young woman of a good deal of sense, and kept herself out of interviews and spectacular performances. But Mrs. Stillman's lawyers realized that they had something of a strangle-hold on the banker when they discovered not only Flo, but Flo's baby, who looked very much like Mr. Stillman.

It is an old adage that people who live in glass houses had better be careful about throwing stones. And the law takes very much this same view. A person must come into court "with clean hands" if he expects to have the courts decide that he has been outraged or damaged by the other party.

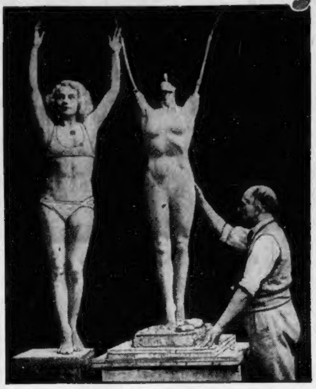
(Continued on Page 4)

How a Statue is Modelled in Clay

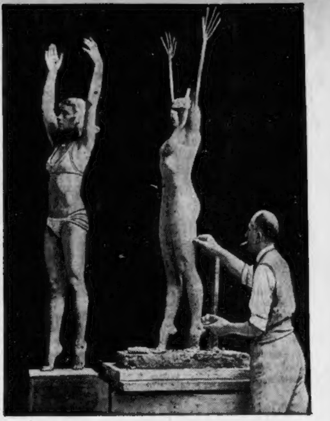
Mlle. Chita, the Dancer Who Has Captivated London and Whose Symmetrical Body Has Inspired British Sculpture.



Mr. E. Whitney Smith Posing the Dancer While Erecting a Framework About Which the Plaster Modelling Is to Be Done.



The Work Progresses Rapidly After the Framework Is Complete. The Modeller Is Seen in This Photograph Applying the Clay.



Another View of the Nearly Finished Statue Exactly the Size of the Subject.

READERS of these pages will recall a recent article on the popular success of Mademoiselle Chita, the lively stage dancer who was perhaps the chief attraction in the London stage production called "Ever Green." The young woman was regarded as a quite perfect physical type and was much in demand by photographers, painters and sculptors.

At the studio of Mr. E. Whitney Smith, the well-known British sculptor, some interesting photographs were taken while Mlle. Chita posed for the sculptor. Mr. Smith explained his method, which begins with the making of a skeleton frame of willow around which the clay is modelled.

"The present method of modelling a life-size figure in clay differs somewhat from that employed by sculptors a few years ago," said Mr. Smith. "It used to be the custom to build a rather complete framework of iron rods and metal tubing. The shoulders and hips, the spine and the legs were indicated by these pieces of metal securely fastened together. The soft clay was built up around this metal skeleton.

"Nowadays many sculptors use, as I used in making my statue of Mlle. Chita, a much lighter support of wood, usually willow. The position of the hips and the shoulders is still vaguely outlined in these wooden skeletons, but finer grades of clay than had been developed up to a few years ago now make it possible to model full-figure statues with less inner support than was practical with less cohesive material.

"As you can see from the photographs taken while I was making my figure of Mlle. Chita, I first set two sticks of the willow-wood in a heavy square base, fashioned the suggestion of a torso of four sticks and let two of them extend upward in the position of the arms. One of the sticks I bowed to indicate the position of the model's shoulders.

"The wooden framework completed, I began covering the wood with soft clay. At first, a sculptor working with clay, does not put on enough clay from which to work down to the finished contours of the statue, but only enough to cling to the wood and form a basis for the rest of his creation.

"In my first operation I daubed on the framework perhaps half enough clay to give me the required thickness for the statue. Then I let this harden for a day. This gave me a good, solid foundation on which to build and I began actually to reproduce the graceful lines of the dancer's body.

"Of course, in the second and third stages of my job I had a rough figure made of more clay than I actually needed. Then, little by little, I removed this surplus material with my scalpel, until I had an actual reproduction of my model's figure.

"First I fashioned the torso. When that was in fairly final shape I went to work on the legs. The arms and head I did last. I work rather rapidly, as sculptors go, and by the time Mlle. Chita had posed for me half a dozen times I had the clay statue nearly done."

The sculptor explained that the models for all statues cast in bronze, or other models, are made in this manner. A cast is made of the clay figure and the molten metal is poured in this cast.

Many sculptors use lead pipe instead of willow-wood as the bases of their statues because lead is pliable and can be twisted in any desired shape. The lead has to be reinforced with wood or metal, however, in the case of large figures requiring a great weight of clay.

It is likely that several copies of the completed statue of Mlle. Chita will be made because of her popularity among British theatre-goers and the unusual beauty of her body.

During her stay in London several eminent physicians examined the dancer and declared that they never have seen anyone, man or woman, in better physical condition. Her bodily proportions, they said, were almost ideal, an observation which had been made by many an artist, sculptor and photographer who has seen Mlle. Chita on the stage.

Prague's New Modernistic Church

GERMANY, Holland and America recently have built modernistic churches, but none of these ultra-modern places of worship is so strikingly simple in design as the new modernistic church recently completed in Prague, Czecho-Slovakia.

This church, shown in the photograph below, is what architects call "daringly dignified." Its sheer, smooth walls are made of reinforced concrete and it is a creation of straight lines except for the end which houses the altar.

This semi-circular part of the structure looks something like the cabin of a gigantic airship because of the eight long windows through which light is admitted not only to the altar, but to the entire auditorium of the church.

From this semi-circular section the auditorium stretches back in four cubicles of varying height and width. None of these portions of the building has, or needs, windows.

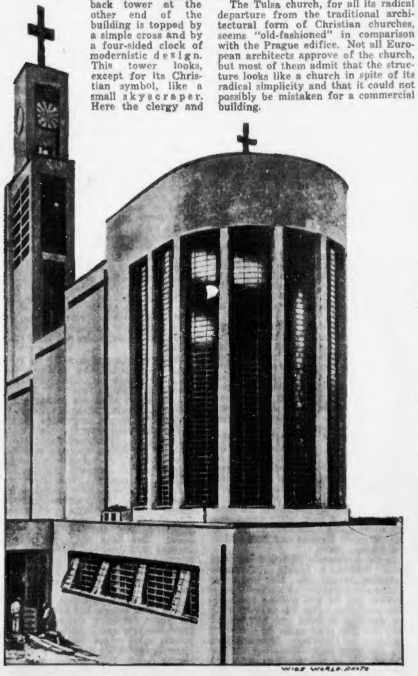
A sheer, stepped-back tower at the other end of the building is topped by a simple cross and by a four-sided clock of modernistic design. This tower looks, except for its Christian symbol, like a small skyscraper. Here the clergy and their assistants of the church have their offices.

The interior of the church is as modernistic in appearance as the outside. The pews are as simple in line and arrangement as they can be and the walls are unornamented except for a few plaques and statues which are fashioned in the up-to-date spirit of the building.

It is difficult to imagine a more modernistic place of worship than Prague's newest church, but there are rumors that plans have been drawn for another Czecho-Slovakian church which will be an even more striking example of new-day architecture.

America's one modernistic church is in Tulsa, Oklahoma. It is the Boston Avenue Methodist Church. Architects from all over the world have come to Tulsa to study the design of this place of worship, which is notable for its sky-scraper-like tower and its circular auditorium. Even the sculptural decorations of the edifice are carved in the modern manner.

The Tulsa church, for all its radical departure from the traditional architectural form of Christian churches, seems "old-fashioned" in comparison with the Prague edifice. Not all European architects approve of the church, but most of them admit that the structure looks like a church in spite of its radical simplicity and that it could not possibly be mistaken for a commercial building.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

The New Modernistic Church in Prague, Czecho-Slovakia, Showing the Trend of Modern Architecture Is Extending Even to Ecclesiastical Structures.

"Cabin Boy" Revealed As Girl

WIDE WORLD

Miss Frances Jenkins, the 22-Year-Old Young Woman Who Shipped as a Cabin-Boy and Got Away With Her Deception for Fifteen Days.

THE crew of the Munson Line steamship Mundelta, plying between New York and southern ports, looked upon a cabin-boy named Frank as "a right nice feller," even if he didn't drink, smoke or indulge in salty language. Frank was strong, willing to work and was a good sailor, even in rough weather.

Then, after Frank had been on the job fifteen days and the Mundelta was about to put into New Orleans, the ship's doctor called the crew together to make a periodical physical examination.

While Frank was sticking out his tongue and saying the customary "Ah," the doctor noticed that the cabin-boy had no Adam's apple, a universal symbol of masculinity. He decided to make a more detailed examination.

This never was made, however, for Frank forestalled the ordeal by confessing that "he" was Miss Frances Jenkins, a young woman of 22, who had at last realized her ambition to go to sea.

Her confession ended her sea-going career on the Mundelta, for she was discharged at the dock and advised to take her next ocean voyage as a paying, feminine passenger, in spite of her proven ability as a cabin-boy.

The Stillman Divorce

(Continued from Page 3)

Even if Mrs. Stillman's "confession" letter had been accepted in evidence, she could still point to Mr. Stillman's happy voyages on the yacht "Modesty" with Flo Leeds.

And if the courts had agreed with Stillman that baby Guy's papa was Indian Fred—then there was the little Leeds baby and Papa Stillman.

In the Harry Thaw murder case the principal actor was crazy, which explained everything; but no such simple explanation will account for all the facts in the even more peculiar Stillman drama.

The various parties to this remarkable matrimonial entanglement are tied up with America's greatest millionaires. Stillman inherited an enormous fortune from his father, as well as being the largest individual stock holder in the National City Bank. And Fowler McCormick, the new husband of the divorced Mrs. Stillman, is an heir to the McCormick millions, and his grandfather is the richest man in the world, John D. Rockefeller.

Men of millions are accustomed to get what they want in the courts. But Stillman, with all his wealth, lost his suit. McCormick, with the McCormick-Rockefeller millions, surely believes he has won the woman he wants. But ten years from now, when he is 42 and in the prime of life, will he still be so sure that the woman, who will then be 62, was the best choice he could have made?

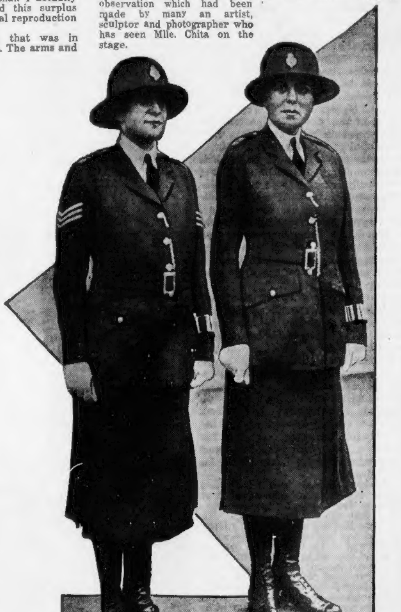
But whatever else happens to him, young Fowler has married into the most jolly, forgiving, good-natured outfit he could have found, which is something. Mr. Stillman, found by the reporters on board the ship sailing for Europe, beamed with great joy, like a man who had been relieved of a tremendous burden, when the reporters asked him about his wife's divorce. Yes, it was true, he said, and he wished his wife every happiness. It was reported at the same time that Mr. Stillman contemplated marrying again—a Follies girl. The new bride told the reporters she still loved Mr. Stillman, that he was "a grand fellow," and she wished him every happiness.

But that was not all. In the recent divorce suit Mrs. Stillman produced evidence that Stillman had a sweetheart in Cuba. And to the reporters the divorced Mrs. Stillman gayly remarked:

"I'm going to visit him in Cuba, if I can; he's invited me." So everybody still loves everybody after all the hard knocks. Does the bridegroom, Fowler McCormick, also love Mr. Stillman, and will he join the happy household in Cuba when wifey goes on that promised visit?

McCormick's father congratulated his son on his choice for a wife—but McCormick's mother, who is Mr. Rockefeller's daughter, had no congratulations to offer. And it is not reported what Guy Stillman thinks of papa, who insisted that he was a little papoose. But, as everything goes in that family perhaps even that is all right.

Even inanimate objects may "get that way" from association with these extraordinary people. About a year ago the yacht "Modesty," lying quietly at its moorings in Glen Cove, N. Y., without any provocation at all blew up and sank, thus getting on to the front page all by its own efforts.



V. AND U. PHOTO

London Officials Have Decided That Their Lady Constables Should Be Dressed Impressively, and So Have Provided New Helmets and Open-Necked Coats, and Here Are Two of the Officers Showing the World How They'll Look.

Lady "Cops" All Dressed Up

LONDON has had women policemen for many years and it never has taken these feminine arms of the law as a joke. That would be impossible because the well-trained "bobbiettes" have an enviable record, not so much of strong-armed arrests, as of humanitarian work in the slums where they are constantly investigating and improving conditions among the city's less prosperous citizens. They settle thousands of family squabbles and clean up the unsavory breeding grounds of crime—work at which they are much more tactful and efficient than the best of male police.

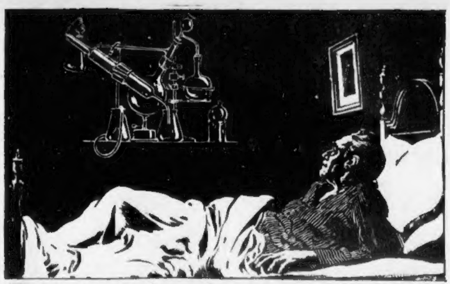
A few weeks ago the lady "cops" were given a new issue of uniforms which were designed to combine comfort with smartness. The tunic of the outfit is much like that worn by the "bobbies," except that it is adapted to the feminine figure. It is belted and equipped with ample-sized pockets. A soft-collared white shirt and a black tie are worn with the open-necked military-style jacket.

The skirt is made with wide pleats so that it is trim in appearance, but adapted to freedom of action. High boots of soft leather and a "tin hat" much like the helmet worn by British soldiers during the war complete the outfit.

It should be explained that London's feminine keepers of the peace sometimes find themselves in situations that would try the courage and the physical ability of veteran "bobbies." When such tests have come they have gone into action fearlessly and efficiently and have subdued many a husky trouble maker by using their knowledge of wrestling and of firearms.

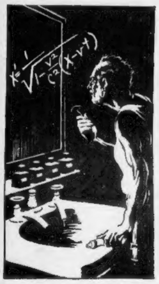
Science Investigates "Hunches"

How the "Subconscious Mind," Which Never Sleeps, Keeps Working on Problems and Suddenly Presents the Answer at Most Unexpected and Inopportune Moments—"Hunches" of a Different Kind That Sometimes Are Fatal



"The instant I awoke in the morning, I saw before me, apparently projected upon the wall and ceiling, the completely worked out process and equipment in operation," a Scientist Stated.

NOTHING is more important to mankind than the understanding of the workings of the human mind. And yet, curiously enough, very little is known of how the 12,000,000,000 brain cells do their work. For a long time since, science has recognized that there are functions of the mind we cannot control. From what we call the "subconscious" mind come "hunches," a "flash of genius," a sudden inspiration, and it is the subconscious mind which is still on the job while we are asleep and can often be relied upon like an alarm clock to wake the sleeper up in time to catch his early train.



One Scientist Reported That Sometimes Solutions of Problems Come to Him Unexpectedly While He Is Shaving.

The subconscious mind is said never to forget anything, never to cease its activities, and to be able to keep right on thinking and working out difficult problems when the individual is busy with other things and does not know he is still thinking about the things his subconscious mind is busy with. It would be a tremendously valuable thing if science could find some way of getting control of the subconscious mind and to break it to harness as a wild horse is tamed and made useful. And so Professor R. A. Baker, of the College of the City of New York, in association with Dr. Washington Platt, of Syracuse, started in to get together some information about "hunches," a well recognized but not understood activity in the mind.

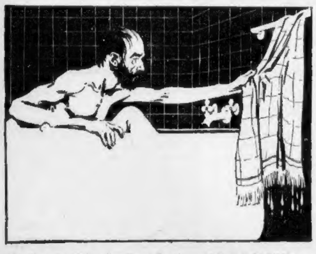
From their own experiences and the experiences told them by fellow scientists, they were convinced that it is a common experience for the solution of puzzling problems to suddenly rise in the mind when scientists are not thinking about the subject at all, and are at the moment shaving, dodging traffic in the streets or even asleep. To collect a mass of material for careful study, nearly 1,500 letters were sent out to scientific men, asking whether they had experienced scientific hunches, and under what circumstances. About half of those who replied declared that they had had such hunches, and a report of their experiences was given recently by Professor Baker at a meeting of the American Chemical Society in Indianapolis.

"I went to bed one night," writes one of the scientists, "in a state of brain fog over a problem and the instant that I awoke in the morning I saw before me, apparently projected upon the wall and ceiling, the completely worked out process and equipment in operation."

Problems Solved When the Conscious Mind Is Relaxed.

Another scientist reported to Professor Baker that the solutions of his problems frequently came to him while dodging automobile traffic on busy streets in New York City. While he was thus jumping about alertly with his body to escape the danger of injury, his mind, this scientist explained, remained an absolute blank. Necessarily the scientific subject which was bothering him was dismissed temporarily. Like many other individuals who report experiencing these valuable scientific hunches, this scientist believes that such complete dismissal of the problem is one of the necessary conditions for the scientific hunch to occur.

Another of Professor Baker's correspondents reports this same necessary condition. "After intense concentration," he writes, "and many vain attempts to overcome a difficulty, I reluctantly decided to abandon my method. I was tired and discouraged and hungry. I decided to go downtown and have a thick beefsteak and completely forget my work for the time being. Freeing my mind of all thought of the problem, I walked briskly down the street, when suddenly at a definite spot which I could locate today, as if from the clear sky above me, an idea popped into my head as emphatically as if a voice had shouted it in so many words. Whirling about on my heel, I returned to the laboratory and performed the suggested experiment successfully."



Hunches Are Related to Concentration of Mind Called "Absent-Mindedness." Thus One Scientist Confessed That While Thinking Deeply on a Problem He Took a Bath, Dried Himself, Got in Again and Took a Second Bath, But Was Roused Out of His Spell When He Reached Out and Found the Towel Wet.

Another scientist reports, "My most recent experience was a problem on which I had given continuous thought and labor until my mind and body were completely fatigued. I decided to abandon the work and all thoughts relative thereto. The following day, when occupied in work of an entirely different type, an idea came to my mind as suddenly as a flash of lightning and it was the solution. In fact, the information was so positive that I knew it would work even before the final tests and experiments were carried out. Like other hunches I had experienced in my research work, the utter simplicity of it made me wonder why I had not thought of it before."

Another correspondent writes to Professor Baker that his hunches come invariably at night after he has retired for sleep. "In such cases," he says, "my condition has been one between wakefulness and sleep and the insight has been entirely effortless. Often in such states pertinent facts long since forgotten have come to the surface. In one case at least, the oblivion has been so complete that on the following morning I have found it necessary to look up the fact to assure myself that it was really a fact and not a dream. I have sometimes found driving a motor car to be effective but have never deliberately resorted to this."

Another individual reports to Professor Baker that his scientific hunches often come, not while he is driving an automobile, but while he is riding in one as a passenger. Probably the continual passing scene, to the details of which, however, the passenger need give no attention, acts to put the brain into a condition of partial disconnection and lack of concentration, which condition seems to be one of the circumstances favoring the coming of a scientific hunch.

Other scientists report to Professor Baker that their hunches come chiefly in the morning as they are just awaking rather than in the evening as they are falling asleep. The same man who experiences hunches while riding as an automobile passenger also reports that some of his experiences come to him in the morning while shaving. Every man who habitually shaves himself knows how completely this becomes an automatic process. Many shavers follow unconsciously a regular routine, beginning at one spot on the face and following the first stroke of the razor with a regular succession of other strokes, each in its exact order and character. Such individuals know that anything which interrupts the shaving may throw the unconscious mind off the track, so that sometimes the whole shave has to be begun over again if it is to continue comfortably and normally.

Lillian Leitzel, Famous Circus Performer, Had a Dream That She Would Fall to Her Death in Her Trapeze Performance. That Evening at the Critical Moment the Vision Reappeared, She Closed Her Eyes for an Instant, Missed Catching the Ring—and Fell to Her Death.

Why Scientists Are So Often "Absent-Minded."

The experience of the scientist who gets his hunches during shaving strongly implies that such automatic operation of the ordinary conscious mind is one of the conditions that makes the coming of a hunch a probability. Another scientist reports, "I had been studying to improve circulation of oil in pipe coils for several days. Sunday, in church, the correct principle came like a flash as the preacher was announcing the text. I put it in practice and it was correct. Strange to say, I have always remembered the text and the sermon." In spite of the possible reflection on the interest of the church service, the probable conclusion is that this scientific man was put into a state of dreamy relaxation, like the states of persons about to fall asleep or of those carrying out automatic operations like driving an automobile or shaving.

The probable relation of all of these conditions to what is often called absent-mindedness is indicated by another of the reports to Professor Baker. "I remember," this scientist writes, "one morning I took my bath, shaved, took another bath, and in reaching out for a dry towel became aware that this was my second bath and that my mind had been deeply concentrated on a problem for half an hour. This, of course, broke the concentration and my mind dropped the problem; but if there had been a succession of dry towels I might have gone on shaving and bathing indefinitely, and awakened with a revelation."

A story told of another distinguished scientific man, now dead, is that frequently, if he went to his bedroom to change his clothes preparatory to going out for the evening, he would proceed, if unwatched, to go to bed and to sleep. The act of removing his outer clothes apparently suggested to this individual's unconscious mind the customary succeeding acts of retiring.

Another experience reported to Professor Baker is less easy to understand. "My mind," one scientist writes, "is always most active just before or just after an attack of gout. This is too regular to be ascribed to coincidence." Possibly the bodily condition which accompanies the attack of gout, whatever that condition be, tends partially to deaden the ordinary conscious mind of this individual and to arouse for hours or days at a time the mental condition similar to sleep or to occupation with automatic tasks, which condition is the soil in which the scientific hunch is likely to sprout.

"Hunches" of Danger Which Turn Out to Be True.

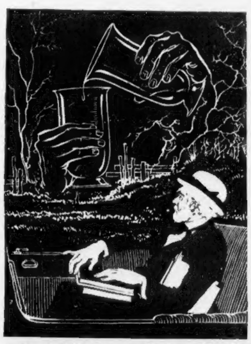
Another experience reported to Professor Baker suggests a relationship with the well known psychological phenomenon of automatic writing. "One of my intensive efforts to solve the problem," this scientist writes, "occurred one night before retiring. Presumably my subconscious mind continued to work as I snuggled into my pillow. Suddenly, and apparently after I had begun to doze, a number of essential facts bearing on the problem flashed before me. I got up, although later I could not recall having done so, and went to my desk and made, as if in the dark, rough and irregular notes of these facts and ideas. The next morning the experience assumed the form of a hazy dream, the details of which I heartily wished I could recall. I was astonished to find the notes on my desk and to recognize them as my dream. They enabled me to hand in the first solution of the problem."

In this experience psychologists recognize an almost perfect description of the thing called automatic writing, in which the writer is completely or partially unconscious of what he writes. Many individuals, for example, may be hypnotized and given a pencil and will proceed to scribble on a sheet of paper all kinds of statements believed to come from the unconscious part of the mind. In several instances the material thus written has been found to have literary merit. The English poet, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, wrote his beautiful poetic fragment called "Kubla Khan" in a dream and was unable to recall on awakening any more of it than the few lines which survive as one of the treasures of English poetry.

Extreme examples of automatic writing usually occur in persons of distinctly abnormal personality, often in persons who have two distinct personalities, like the famous literary example of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in the story of Robert Louis Stevenson. Investigators of psychic phenomena have paid great attention, for example, to the case of "Patience Worth," a woman who wrote numerous literary productions regarded as of considerable merit while she was in a condition corresponding to one of the two personalities into which her mind apparently was divided. Neither Professor Baker nor anyone else implies that the phenomena of the scientific hunch are exactly the same as those of automatic writing in such cases of double personality. Nevertheless, they probably are related.

There are other kinds of hunches, some of which come from dreams. A recent instance was when the new concrete bridge over a river near Bordeaux, France, collapsed. It was a new structure and its completion was to be celebrated with festivities. Visitors and public officials were on hand and the children were released from school to take part in the inauguration.

Suddenly the bridge collapsed and a part of the holiday crowd were thrown into the water. Thirteen persons, including the builder of the bridge, were drowned, while many saved themselves by swimming to the shore. But one employe who had worked on the bridge for several weeks refused to take part in the celebration. He had a vivid dream the night before the opening and in it visioned the collapse of the bridge and the drowning of many spectators. Impressed by his dream, he told other fellow-workmen that he had a hunch that the bridge was not safe and he would keep away from it. Thus the hunch may have saved his life.



Another Individual Wrote to Professor Baker That His Scientific Hunches Often Came to Him While He Was Riding as a Passenger in an Automobile.

Hunches may be disastrous, too, as well as beneficial, as was illustrated by the recent shocking death of the circus queen, the beautiful Lillian Leitzel, who fell from her trapeze in Copenhagen and died from her injuries. The night before the fatal accident Miss Leitzel had a dream of falling. Just before her last appearance she confessed that she had a "hunch" that something would happen. In one of her conscious moments after the fatal fall she confessed to her husband, who was at her bedside, that the hunch of disaster had come vividly to her mind at a critical moment in the aerial acrobatics and had made her close her eyes for an instant so that she missed her hold and fell.

Indeed, this remarkable young trapeze performer, who was known as the "Queen of the Air," during the evening told some of her friends among the performers that for the first time in her life she "felt nervous." Explaining the reason for this, she described the dream in which she imagined that in the middle of one of her stunts she suddenly lost her nerve and went crashing to the ground.

However, Miss Leitzel shook off the feeling of foreboding and started in with her act, and at the moment of the real tragedy she was excelling herself. It was at the last moment that the tragedy came. She released her hold and swung herself through the air towards the other hoop—but missed. She made a last attempt to clutch at a swinging bar on the way down, but missed again, and struck the stage thirty feet below. Some of the women in the audience shrieked in terror and some fainted. Fellow artists rushed forward and picked up the limp and almost lifeless body—virtually every important bone was broken and the spinal cord was affected.

The miracle is that she lived at all afterwards, but she lingered on for three days and nights, unconscious part of the time, but when conscious she suffered so terribly that she prayed the doctors to put her out of her pain.

Alfred Cardona, the famous gymnast and husband of Lillian Leitzel, was absent in Berlin, but hastened back and reached Copenhagen in time to see his wife before the end came. In one of her lucid moments she described to her husband that by sheer strength of will she had shut the dream out of her mind and forced herself to forget it as she began her act in the air. Then suddenly it flashed before her eyes at the very moment she started to make the spring that had heralded the tragedy in her dream. The dream came back to her so vividly at that instant that she could not repress a cry of horror and at the same time she closed her eyes to shut out the sight. That closing of her eyes was fatal, for it made her miss her aim and she crashed to her death.

Training the Mind To Let the "Subconscious" Help More.

The fewer such hunches are experienced the better, but the practical conclusion of Professor Baker and Dr. Platt is that the reality and value of the other kind of hunches like those experienced by their scientific correspondents ought to be recognized and put to use. Scientific men might properly make it a practice, the inquiry suggests, to put themselves occasionally into the frame of mind, perhaps different for each individual, found to lead to the coming of these scientific hunches. Another practical suggestion, Professor Baker states, is to keep pencil and paper handy by one's bedside so that any hunches which do occur during the half-sleep state on falling asleep, on awakening may be set down at once and not forgotten.

Professor Baker's conclusions seem, also, to have value for other people confronted with difficult mental problems as well as for research scientists. If someone made a similar inquiry of the coming of hunches to business men or others confronted with difficult mental problems, similar results to those of Professor Baker probably would be obtained. No one imagines that there is anything mystical or magical about the facts. The "hunch method" merely is one way in which the minds of human beings can work. It will be worth while, Professor Baker's experiments suggest, for everyone to try to make this method work as well as possible.

In many of the cases reported the hunches came when the conscious portion of the mind was more or less inactive. When a person is falling asleep many of the connections between the brain cells that constitute the conscious mind are relaxed or broken. It is well known to psychologists that this is when ideas and impulses not ordinarily conscious may come to the surface of the mind and be perceived. A good deal the same thing probably occurs in the mind when an experienced autoist is driving. The motions necessary to control the automobile have become, for such a person, almost completely automatic. No thought is required. Everyone knows that an experienced driver can carry on a conversation or do other things with his mind without interfering in the least with the skill of his driving.

Under these conditions the energy of the thinking portion of the brain is likely to be relaxed much as it is in sleep. This part of the brain is not needed. Only the automatic part of the organ is acting. Accordingly, an individual who is likely to have scientific hunches when he is falling asleep or awaking would be equally likely to have them while driving an automobile.

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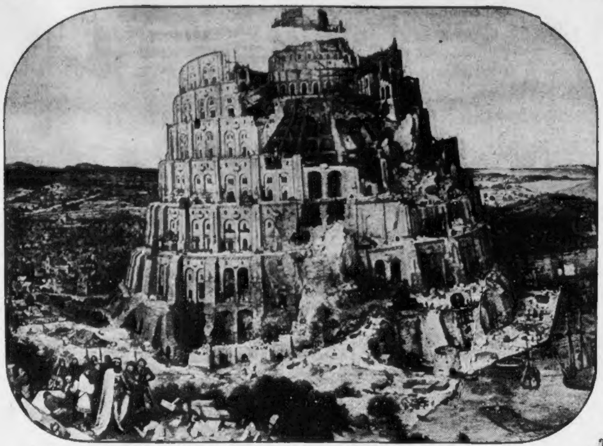
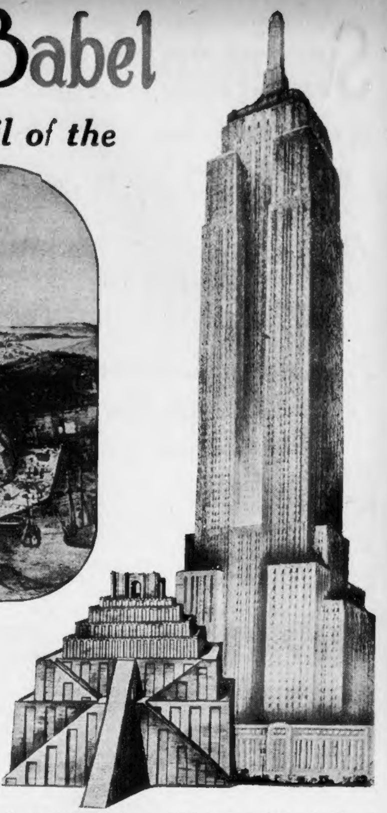
Exploring the Ruins of the Tower of Babel

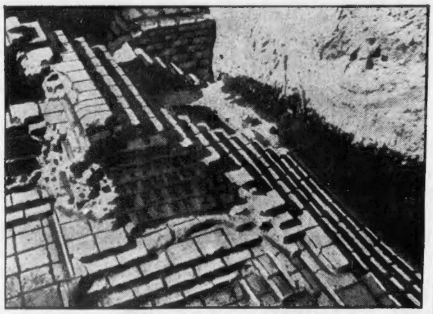
Professor Eckhard Unger Reconstructs Every Detail of the Strange Old Building of the Bible From Actual Remains and Shows It Was Only 300 Feet High



Curious Conception of the Cessation of Work on the Tower of Babel Entertained 400 Years Ago, From the Painting by Peter Brueghal, the Flemish Old Master.



Sketch of the Old Tower of Babel as It Looked in the City of Babylon 3400 Years Ago, 300 Feet in Height—And Compared With the Empire State Building in New York City, 1250 Feet High, Tallest Building in the World.



Portion of the Main Stairway of the Tower of Babel Which Has Recently Been Unearthed From the Ruins of Ancient Babylon.

ONE of the outstanding episodes of the Old Testament, which every child is told and nobody ever forgets, is the story of the Tower of Babel. In Genesis it is recorded that the people got together and built a tower "whose top may reach unto Heaven." The work went on and the structure began tc rise when "the Lord came down to see the city and the tower."

Examining the work with disapproval the Bible narrative continues, giving these words of the Lord:

"Behold the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do; and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do."

The Lord determined to put a stop to the futher progress of the Tower and decided to "confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech." This expedient was successful, work on the Tower was abandoned, and those old but ambitious climbers never got high enough to peek into Heaven.

The Old Testament writer ends the narrative with one more statement:

"Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth."

Bible scholars and scientists have been very much interested in the story of the Tower of Babel, and at last Professor Eckhard Unger, a distinguished German authority, has located its ruins. In an exhaustive report of his researches recently published, Professor Unger gives the facts as he has assembled them from a study of the extensive remains of the building which still exist, the ancient cuneiform inscriptions and the striking pictures inscribed in ancient Babylonian and Assyrian bas-reliefs.

Professor Unger, as well as many other Bible scholars and archeologists, have no doubt that the Bible narrative is wrong in many respects. The Tower was in the ancient city of Babylon, and was an annex to the great temple of Marduk, the chief place of worship in that great city. The Bible is inaccurate in stating that it was in the plain of Shinar, a locality supposed to have been south of Babylon. The old Hebrew scribe who wrote the Scriptural account was also mixed up on the word Babel. It is now known that Babel is the proper name for the city of Babylon, but the Old Testament writer got it mixed with a similar word in Hebrew, whose meaning is "to confuse." Thus crept in to the Scriptural narrative the story of the confusion of tongues.

If the Lord was seriously worried in those days over that building of mud bricks, the Almighty is apparently no longer concerned about the high buildings put up by modern man. Professor Unger, by a careful study, concludes that the height of the old Tower of Babel was 300 feet. But the new Empire State Building in New York, the tallest building in the world, is 1,250 feet high, more than four times the height of the Tower of Babel. The architects, foremen and laborers on this great modern skyscraper were not bothered with any divine interference. The old Biblical Tower had seven stories, while the New York monster has 85 stories.

Many imaginative drawings have been made of the old Tower by artists who were not informed of the archeological facts. Thus, taking the Bible narrative literally, their artistic imagination has led to the sketching of tremendous edifices which were totally beyond the primitive engineering and architectural skill of the period. Two of these fantastic imaginary towers of Babel are shown on this page. Professor Unger comments on the limitations of engineering and architectural and building materials of 3000 or 4000 years ago as compared with modern steel construction.

"Nevertheless," says Professor Unger, "to the people of ancient days a building 300 feet high was a monumental structure well calculated to cause amazement. For the Jews, the Tower of Babel became the symbol of vainglory and confusion."

In studying the meaning of the Bible story, some confusion has arisen from the fact that there was a tower of similar form in every large city in Babylonia. This kind of tower was called a "zigurrat," and was used for religious and astronomical purposes. They were first built by the Sumerians, the prehistoric inhabitants of the land, and were adopted improved and developed by the Babylonians and the Assyrians.

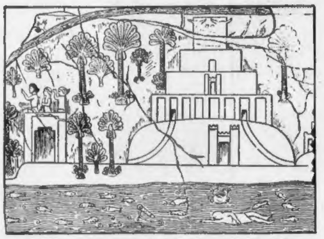
Statue of the Governor Puzur-Ishtar, Who Worked on the Restoration of the Tower of Babel, Found in the Ruins of Babylon.

The Hebrews, who expounded and rewrote the Scriptures, may have had certain of these towers besides the one in Babylon in their minds when writing the story of the Tower of Babel. There was a large tower of this kind at Borsippa, quite near to Babylon, and for a long time certain archeologists argued that this was the real Tower of Babel.

The word Shinar mentioned in the Bible as the place where the Tower was built is interpreted as a form of Sumer, the land of the Sumerians. Most of them lived in the region south of Babylon and their settlements included such very ancient places as Ur and Nippur, but they formed an important part of the population of the great city of Babylon which conquered them.

Ancient Babylon is described by Professor Unger as the most magnificent city of the ancient world, both in the splendor of its buildings and in the convenience of its arrangements. The Tower of Babel was the only high tower in this great city and was connected with the chief temple of the capital, the Esagila Temple dedicated to the national god Marduk. The Tower played a great part in the history of Babylonia from the days of the celebrated King Hammurabi, who ruled the land in the time of Abraham, about 1500 B. C. and who originally drew up the ten commandments.

Several times it fell down or was destroyed. King Sennacherib, of Assyria, whose capital was at Nineveh, destroyed the Tower and the whole city of Babylon in 689 B. C. But his son, Esarhaddon, began a new one in 681 B. C., and this was completed by the King's famous son, Assurbanipal, in 668 B. C.



A Bas-Relief of the Tower of Babel Found in the Palace of King Assurbanipal and Made 2600 Years ago, Showing the Original Outline of the Building Which Has Been Followed by Professor Eckhard Unger in His Reconstruction.

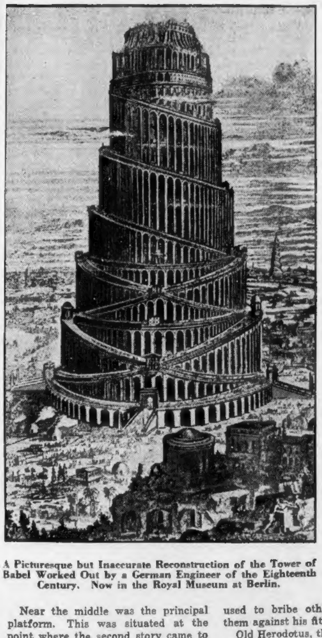
The Tower continued to stand to the time of Cyrus the Great of Persia, but was falling to pieces as always happened to brick structures. When Alexander the Great conquered the civilized world and made Babylon his Asiatic capital in 331 B. C., it had fallen completely in ruin. He made elaborate plans to rebuild it more splendidly than before, but the work was stopped by his sudden death, due, it is believed, to poison. Various successors of Alexander's race contemplated restoring it, but their plans were never carried out. The huge pile of brick work and colored tiles was left in position, but for centuries the material has been carried away by Arabs for use in their buildings.

Examination of the ruins and study of ancient inscriptions by Professor Unger show that the Tower was square and not circular as many people have supposed. The massive inner core of mud bricks was 201 feet around, and the outer covering of baked tiles was 50 feet in thickness. The sides of the building faced in the direction of certain prevalent winds. The Babylonians believed that the gods were supposed to manifest themselves in the form of winds.

The people of this period believed that the gods had good and bad tempers and that they sometimes showed one and sometimes the other, as men do. They displayed their evil tempers in the dreaded desert storms, the southwest wind, and the red clouds of dust from the Arabian desert that sometimes swept over the fertile Mesopotamian fields.

On the southeast side of the Tower there was a great stairway 33 feet wide and extending 198 feet away from the building. Two smaller stairways, 30 feet wide, led up to the Tower from the east and west side. The outer sides of the Tower tapered sharply upwards like the sides of a steep mountain. The Tower represented a mountain from the summit of which the god looked over the world. All the gods of this part of the world were supposed to rule from the top of a mountain. The outer walls were supported by twelve great columns, the traces of which can still be seen.

The Babylonians called their tower "Namen E-temen-an-ki," meaning "the Temple of the Foundation of Heaven and Earth." The underground part of the tower was called "Kigallu," meaning the underworld. The base of the Tower was 300 feet on each side, the same as the height. The Tower had seven stories. Of these the lowest was 120 feet high, the second 50 feet, the next four 20 feet, and the highest 50 feet. The top was reached by gradually rising ascents or ramps so that by walking around and around the summit was reached. At each floor was a platform and these were of greater size in some cases than others and used for different purposes.



A Picturesque but Inaccurate Reconstruction of the Tower of Babel Worked Out by a German Engineer of the Eighteenth Century. Now in the Royal Museum at Berlin.

Near the middle was the principal platform. This was situated at the point where the second story came to an end. It was thirty feet in width and 170 feet above the ground. It served as a resting place for priests and people. Large gatherings of citizens were held here to celebrate great religious feasts.

It was here probably that they made their offerings to Marduk. Only the priests perhaps ventured any nearer the supreme shrine of the god.

Upon the top of the uppermost platform a splendid temple or shrine was built. In it there was a couch and golden table. The Babylonians believed that the god Marduk dwelt there. Below, in the court around the tower, there was another shrine in which a statue of the god, made of gold, was found. His table and footstool were of the same material.

The temple on the seventh floor was known as "Shahuru," a term applied to to certain sacred apartments in temples and palaces. In a palace it meant the most intimate apartment of the King which he occupied in company with his favorite wife, while in the temple it was the Holy of Holies, the apartment where the marriage of the god and his wife was consummated.

The Babylonians had strange and rather shocking conceptions of religion. They believed that the best way to propitiate their favorite god was to offer him beautiful maidens and to furnish him the joys of the honeymoon at frequent intervals. While paying liberally to win his favors, they were in constant dread of the demons he could send to plague them and used to bribe other gods to protect them against his fits of bad temper.

Old Herodotus, the father of history, has left many details concerning the Tower which agree pretty closely with the facts found by modern archeologists. When he visited Babylon, in 229 B.C. the ruins of the Tower were still very extensive and the features of the building were preserved in the memory of the citizens.

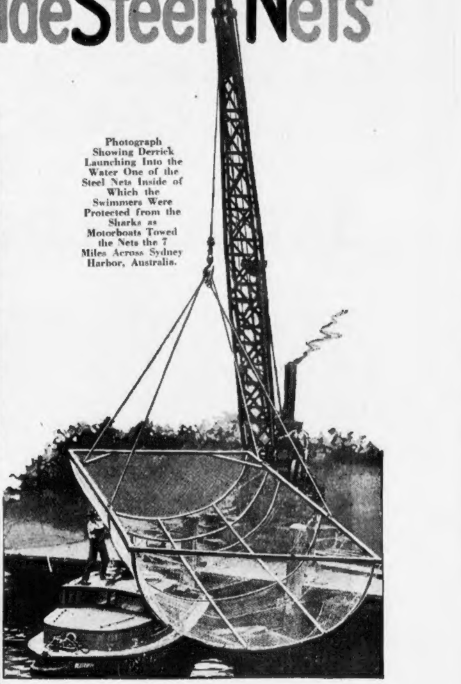
Herodotus mentions that the temple on the top floor was covered with beautiful glazed tiles. It was also adorned with splendid shining horns of copper. An Assyrian bas-relief at Nineveh also shows the temple on the summit of the Tower decorated in this way.

The earliest Tower, Professor Unger believes, was built about 3,000 B. C., or nearly 5,000 years ago. It changed in appearance many times.

Swam the Shark-Infested Harbor Inside Steel Nets

And the Cheering Observers Were Hushed to Silence and Breathless Anxiety as the Daring Champion Climbed Out of Her Protecting Net and Finished the Race in the Open Sea

Miss Irene Rolfe Diving Into the Steel Net Which Protected Her From the Sharks During Her 7-Mile Swim.



Photograph Showing Derrick Launching Into the Water One of the Steel Nets Inside of Which the Swimmers Were Protected from the Sharks as Motorboats Towed the Nets the 7 Miles Across Sydney Harbor, Australia.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., May 27.

NOBODY had ever tried to swim across the shark-infested waters of Sydney Harbor, where the man-eaters are so hungry and bold that they invade the beaches and carry away bathers from three feet of water.

Bathing beaches here are either surrounded by shark-proof nets, or watchers stand on high towers ready to ring a warning bell at the first sign of a shark's fin cutting the surface. Even aeroplanes are used to skim the surface and scare the monsters. Only a person bent on suicide would swim any distance from the land, unprotected in some way, and suicides don't do it because there are less unpleasant ways of ending it all than by having legs and arms lopped off by sharks.

Therefore, when two well-known young women swimmers, Lily Copplestone, champion of New Zealand, and her Australian rival, Irene Rolfe announced that they were going to race across the harbor, it was considered thrilling enough to warrant most all Sydney turning out to watch, even though the ladies were to swim inside of steel nets which were to be towed by launches.

There was doubt whether this was safe. Some said that they did not like the way those nets were built and there was much speculation as to how the girls were to be saved from the sharks in case the pull of the launch should cause a corner to dip under and give a man-eater a chance to dash in. But nobody dreamed of what actually did happen, that one of the girls, dissatisfied with the speed at which her steel protector prison was being towed, and afraid her rival would beat her, would climb out of her cage, and deliberately dive in among the sharks.

It should be explained that this was not merely a spectacular exhibition, but a very important race which each girl was determined to win. For many weeks there had been elimination contests to determine what girl, representing Australia and New Zealand, was to be taken around the world, swimming in various European contests, proceeding to America and finally ending at the Catalina Island contest in California. Almost from the beginning it was clear that the choice lay between Lily Copplestone, champion of New Zealand, and Irene Rolfe, of Sydney. The Australian had the better of the shorter distances but Lily was her superior on the marathons.

Miss Lily Copplestone, New Zealand Woman Champion Swimmer, About to Dive Into the Net at the Start of the Race.

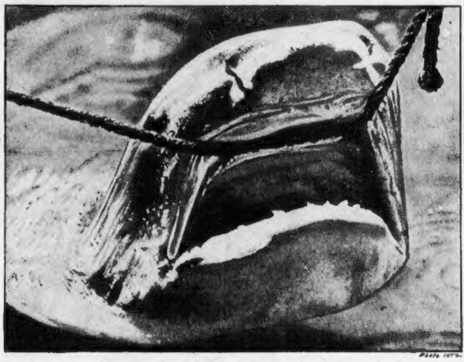
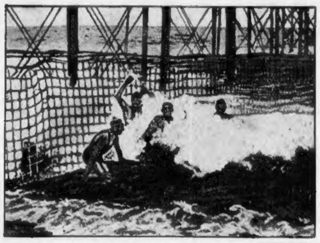


Photo Int'l.

The Open Countenance of a Man-Eating Shark Gnawing At the Ropes of a Protective Net at Sydney, Inside of Which Were Some Bathers.



Photograph of Surf Bathers Inside the Shark-Protection Net at Sydney. The Picture Next Above Was Taken of a Shark Trying to Gnaw Through This Net.

The time grew short, causing the committee in charge to order one last race between the two girls to settle it. The only question was what distance to choose. While the girls were deadlocked on that problem, some ingenious person suggested racing them across Sydney Harbor. This was taken as a joke until the man explained that he meant to have each swimmer inside a moveable steel net, which would be towed as fast as the swimmers could go.

The newspapers printed the scheme as a joke, but it was just crazy enough to excite general interest. Designs for the nets were made, money was raised to build them, men volunteered the use of their launches and presently the girls found they must make that race or disappoint their public. The distance was long enough to favor Miss Copplestone, but Miss Rolfe would be sustained by the support of her own home town and so it was agreed.

The net or cages were 20 feet long, ten feet wide and eight feet deep, at the lowest point of their rounded bottoms. The galvanized wire was of a strength known to be sufficient to resist the charges of sharks and the framework contained just enough wood to keep the upper edge level with the surface.

The launches were a pair of motor boats of such even speed that they had been nip and tuck in a dozen races but, if anything, the one that fell to the New Zealander was a shade the faster. The distance from the starting point at Neutral Bay, which was black with spectators, to Manly Beach is seven miles.

The gun was fired. The girls dived from a dock into their two cages and paddled slowly a moment while the two launches got up speed and set off among thunderous cheers. The cages seemed to tow well in spite of the wash of the numerous motor boats that accompanied the racers, but soon an unexpected thing developed. The launch that had the New Zealander in tow, though fully as fast as the other in a race, turned out not to be its equal as a tow-boat.

Both girls were in the front of their cages swimming powerfully, but Lily, the New Zealander, was angrily signalling for more speed and not getting it, while her rival was seen to slowly draw ahead. There were protests and consternation among Lily's followers for a few moments and talk of stopping the race. But these subsided when Irene was seen to slacken her pace as if tired and her cage to fall back. Rapidly Lily caught up, drew ahead and led by about 100 feet for the first six and a half miles, but never could gain much more than that lead. Miss Rolfe seemed bothered by the heavy waves that bobbed the swimmers about in mid-channel and the strong current off Sydney Heads, causing her frequently to slow up and rest and yet always finding strength to put on speed when she fell back more than 100 feet.

As Manly Beach, also crowded with thousands more spectators, hove in sight someone in one of the watching motor boats caught a fourteen-foot tiger shark, with jaws large and strong enough to bite a man in two. They playfully towed this dreadful catch right past the girls who both saw it, but kept right on. About half a mile from the finish line Miss Copplestone who thought she had the race as good as won, suddenly heard loud cheering and, looking around, found that the home-town girl has been using her head as well as her limbs in the race. All those fits of exhaustion and dropping back had been pretence. She was not tired at all and, being a sprint swimmer she was only too pleased to let the race drag along at a slow pace so that she would be strong for a sprint finish.

To Lily's dismay, she now saw her rival catching up rapidly. She, too, put on speed, only to bump against the front end of her cage. She signalled frantically for her launch to open up but they were doing their best, in fact had been all along as shrewd Irene had suspected. That lady now drew alongside, grinned and with a wave of a wet arm passed triumphantly into the lead. Wild cheers arose from the home-town rooters while despair settled on Lily and the New Zealanders. Lily now realized that Irene had deliberately been holding back all the way to prevent a protest over that slow launch and now it would be too late to protest.

Remembering that losing the race meant losing her trip around the world, the girl had the courage of despair. Forgetting the sharks and everything else, Lily scrambled over the front end of her cage and, in spite of the howls of warning, plunged unprotected into those waters, famous for their sharks and from which a fourteen-footer of the most vicious type had just been taken.

With furious overhand strokes she plowed ahead, passing the launch that had failed her and turning a deaf ear to the pleading of the occupants to let them pull her aboard before something happened. On and on she went, after that other girl. The watching motor boats closed in, ringing bells, blowing whistles and making all the other shark-scaring noises possible. Two watching aeroplanes promptly dived from on high and skimmed the surface nearby to protect her with their shadows. All this may have saved Lily's life, but the wash kicked up by these boats so close made the going harder. Yet, in spite of everything, the New Zealand girl thrashed ahead, overhauled her protected rival and at the finish line was a clear winner.

Photograph Showing the Jaw Capacity of a Tiger Shark Compared With Two Human Heads.

Photograph of a 25-Foot Tiger Shark Caught in Sydney Harbor Where the Swimming Match Took Place.

There was some debate among the judges as to whether Miss Copplestone had disqualified herself by breaking out of her jail that way. However, they had not forbidden it because nobody had thought of such a mad act until they saw it done. When it came to a vote, none had the heart to take a race away from a girl who had risked getting eaten alive to win it. Therefore, the somewhat reckless Miss Lily Copplestone, of New Zealand, instead of her wily Australian rival, will tour the world and eventually be seen in the United States.

At Gunnamatta Bay, near this city, human beings are used for bait in the profitable shark-fishing industry. The human beings bathe on a beach around which is wire shark net, where the sea beasts were seen poking their noses hungrily against the strands in efforts to get through. So many of these visitors appeared that recently a curtain of wires, suspended from floats and connected with insulated wires to the shore has been installed outside the net. Current from a power line is stepped up to such high voltage that whenever a shark touches the curtain, he is electrocuted and comes to the surface, belly-up. The current is then shut off for a few minutes while a motor boat goes out and with no trouble at all tows him ashore.

While the shark is a nuisance in many ways and the dread of bathers, yet he is a financial asset. Indeed, the shark is about the most valuable creature that swims the seas. His head is full of glue of such high quality that when furniture manufacturers use it, tables and chairs do not come apart from the steam heat. The body makes a fine fish meal. As a fertilizer, including the bones, it is superior to dog fish because the shark's carcass contains only two per cent of oil, thus avoiding the expensive oil removal process.

Chinese pay $3 a pound for shark's fins to eat and the liver yields 60 to 70 per cent of the finest oil, high in vitamins and with a 10 per cent glycerine content.

Shark's teeth fetch high prices as ornaments, but the most valuable part of their anatomy is the hide which runs from an inch in thickness to hardly that of tissue paper, according to the age and size of the shark. Shark's leather is used for most every purpose from lady's slippers to hip boots which are as waterproof as rubber and last almost forever.

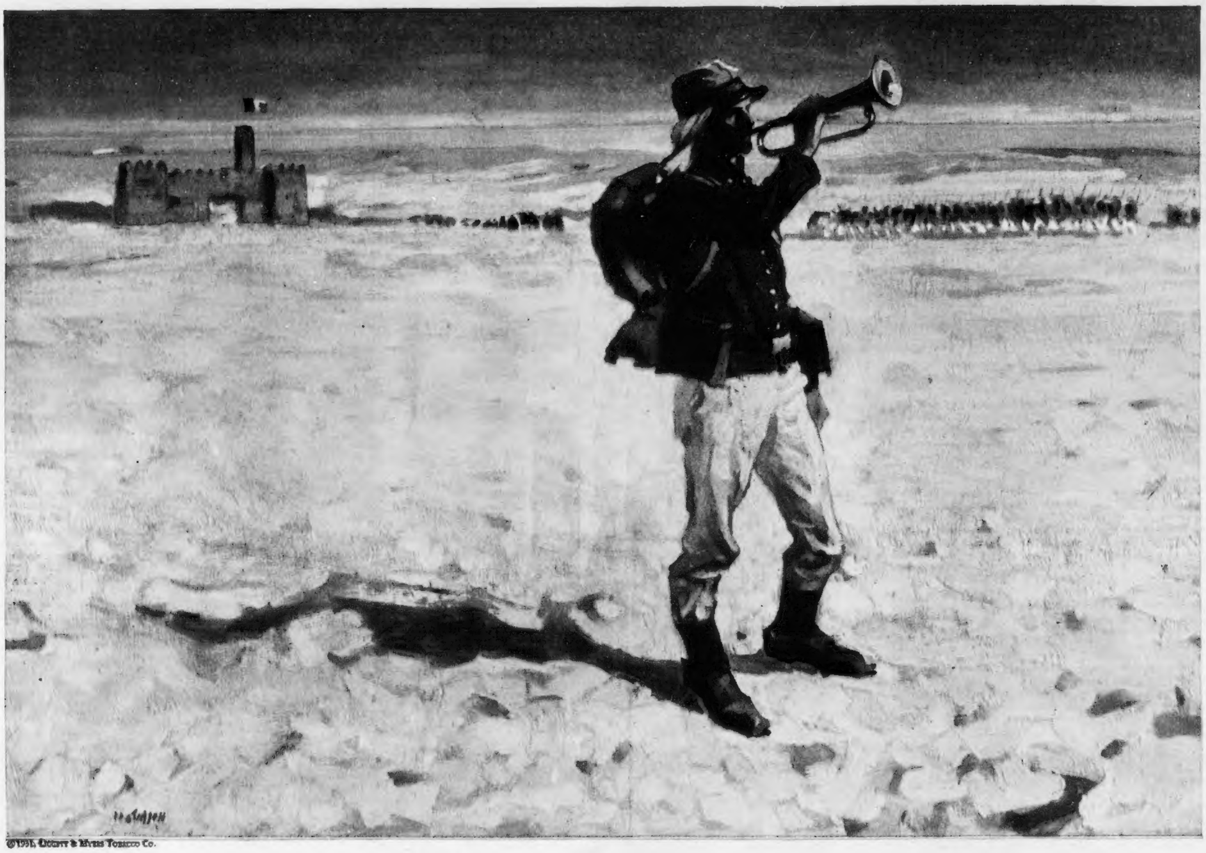
It takes from fifteen days to six months to prepare the different kinds. The outer skin or shagreen has the properties of sandpaper. For very fine work on wood-polishing nothing equals the shagreen of a baby shark. Underneath this is a layer of interwoven threads of leather suggestive of the carcass of an automobile tire. This layer makes the toughest leather in the world. Even the stomach makes a strong and almost transparent leather.

There is an astonishing variety of sharks from a deep sea midget, only a few inches long, to the whale shark which sometimes measures as much as 60 feet. The whale shark, because of its size and power and its armor-plated hide, is hard to catch. However, they do not eat human beings, but, like whales, live on tiny sea creatures which they collect and swallow by the bushel.

Another member of the family that never bites is the nurse shark of Florida. This fish is not only harmless, but lazy beyond belief. If found dozing on the bottom in shallow water one can seize it by the tail and pull it ashore. Sometimes the nurse shark back up onto a beach, sunning the rear part of its body while its head and gills still remain under water. At such times one may tie a rope around its tail and pull the shark all the way out without much struggle from the lazy creature.

In the same water, however, is to be found the great white man-eating shark which is neither lazy nor good-natured, but as dangerous as it is big, attaining a length of 40 feet. From the size of fossil bones and teeth it is believed that this shark is descended from ancestors that were 80 feet long. But a ten-foot man-eater is plenty big enough to finish any swimmer it tackles.

"I've marched with the Foreign Legion



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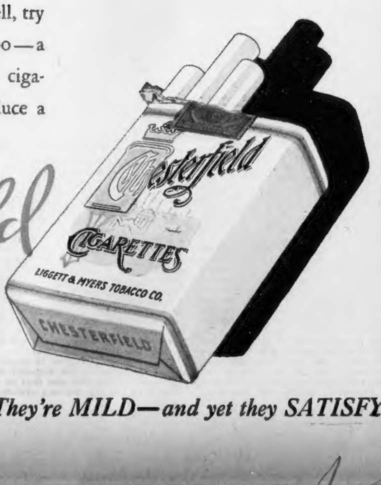

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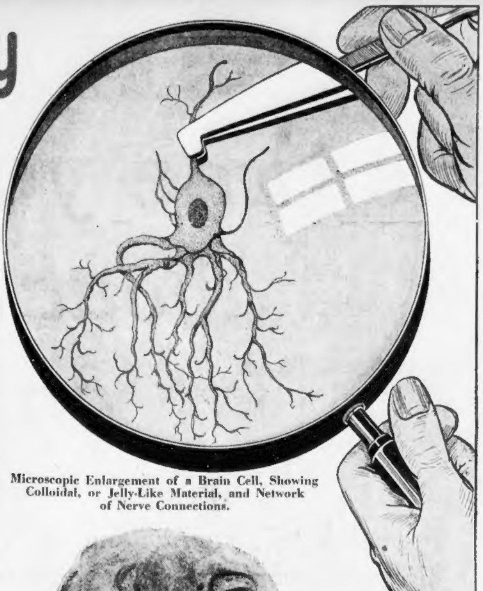
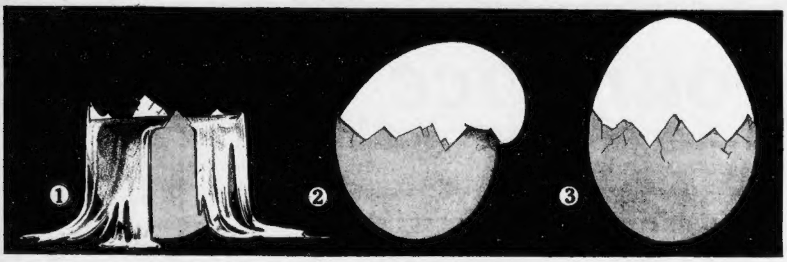
What Makes People Go Crazy

Astonishing Discovery That Our Brain Cells Are Somewhat Like Eggs—If Too Thick They Are Like Hard-Boiled Eggs, if Too Thin They Are Raw and "Watery," and Either Condition May Cause Insanity. Drugs, Even a Cup of Coffee, Can Thicken or Thin the Brain Cell Jelly



Microscopic Enlargement of a Brain Cell, Showing Colloidal, or Jelly-Like Material, and Network of Nerve Connections.



1—A Raw Egg, Thin and "Watery." When a Human Brain Cell Is Too Thin in Its Substance, Certain Forms of Insanity May Result. 2—A "Medium-Done" Egg. This Is Like a Brain Cell in the Proper, Normal Condition. If the Jelly-Like Contents of Brain Cells Are Too Thin or Too Thick They Are Not in Good Working Order. 3—A "Hard-Boiled" Egg. When a Brain Cell Becomes Too Thick for Proper Functioning, Insanity May Result, as It Does When the Contents of the Cell Are Too Thin.

IN EVERY direction science is discovering that Nature and mankind himself is largely a matter of chemistry. And the newest researches in the chemical laboratory of Cornell University reveal some hitherto unknown and extremely interesting facts about the chemistry of the 12,000,000,000 little brain cells inside our skulls.

Roughly speaking, the microscopic brain cell might be compared with an egg. The "white" of a raw egg is soft and watery. When a raw egg is boiled it begins to thicken up and finally becomes a solid mass inside the shell, when it is "hard-boiled." The stove's heat which boils the water which cooks the egg is, of course, an application of a chemical force. Much the same results in thickening up the white of an egg can be accomplished by applying directly a chemical like common salt, which mixed with the albumen of the egg, thickens it up.

In this same general way, Dr. Wilder D. Bancroft, professor of physical chemistry at Cornell University, and his associate, Dr. G. H. Richter, explained their experiments in the study of brain cells to the recent meeting of the National Academy of Science in Washington. Brain cells can change in thickness or thinness, they believe, just as an egg can when it is cooked. An egg which has been insufficiently boiled is too thin and watery to be acceptable on the breakfast table, and just so a brain cell which is too thin and watery does not do satisfactory work inside the human skull. So, also the cook who carelessly receives an order for "eggs medium" makes a dissatisfied customer if the eggs are left in the boiling water too long, and similarly, a brain cell which becomes too thick or solid for satisfactory functioning produces a patient for the insane asylum.

Of course, a brain cell is not made up of exactly the same materials as the hen's egg. But it has a kind of shell which surrounds it and is called the cell membrane, and inside that shell or container is a half liquid, half solid material which is the living protoplasm of the cell. This protoplasm belongs, too, to the class of substances called colloids just as does the soft material inside an egg. Furthermore, the colloid or jelly-like protoplasm of a brain cell may be thickened or thinned, just as are the egg colloids, by heat or chemicals. When calves' brains, for example, are cooked for human food one of the things that happens to the tiny brain cells in the gray matter is that these are thickened or "coagulated" just as is an egg when it is cooked.

A Cup of Coffee Containing the Drug Caffeine Has Been Found to Have an Effect on the Constituency of Brain Cells.

Hallucinations and Terrible "Dreams" of Opium Addicts May Be Explained by the New Discoveries of the Effect of Drugs on Thinning and Thickening the Brain Cell "Jelly."

Science has recognized for some time the ability of the living jelly-like material inside brain cells to become thicker or thinner. If an egg is cooked so that it becomes thick and solid, that change cannot be reversed—the egg cannot be uncooked again. But brain cells that have changed in thickness and thinness seem to be reversible, so long as the changes are not too severe.

Professor Bancroft and Dr. Richter find in these brain cell changes their new explanation for insanity. The normal condition of the cells in the brain is, they believe, an intermediate degree of thickness of the jelly—the colloidal materials inside the brain cells must be just right.

If they are too soft one form of insanity occurs. If they are too hard another form occurs. There really is some scientific justification, it turns out, for the common statements that "half-baked" people or too "hard-boiled" people are not quite normal, although the changes in brain cells which Professor Bancroft and Dr. Richter imagine are not produced, of course, by heat but probably are due to chemical changes in the blood fluids supplied to the cells or perhaps to electrical changes in the entire structure of the nervous system.

Recent Picture of Harry K. Thaw and a Companion. Thaw's Memorable "Brainstorm" When He Shot Stanford White, and His Other Occasional Outbursts Reported in Various Court Proceedings, May Be Explained by the Intermittent Thinning and Thickening of His Brain Cells.

The first form of the new Cornell theory, proposed by Professor Bancroft and Dr. Richter several months ago, had to do with the effects of various abnormal chemicals on the cells of the nervous system and the brain, especially of the chemicals which act as anesthetics, like ether or chloroform. The essential effect of such an anesthetic, physiologists long have believed, is to disconnect portions of the nervous system from each other. The pain nerve running from an arm to the brain, for example, gets disconnected somewhere between the arm and the brain by the action of the anesthetic. That is why no pain is felt.

Similarly, the cells inside the brain itself are more or less disconnected from each other by the same action of the anesthetic, so that the person becomes unconscious. Tests made under the microscope by Professor Bancroft and Dr. Richter, using living yeast cells which will stay alive under these conditions, showed that anesthetics like ether and chloroform act on living cells to change the jelly-like character of the cells, not unlike the action of heat in cooking an egg. Thus Professor Bancroft and Dr. Richter worked out their theory of the action of anesthetics, which theory says that this action probably is to produce some change in the character of the brain cells so that these cells no longer connect properly with each other.

The anesthetic acts, so to speak, to "cook" temporarily the colloidal matter of the nerve cells and thus to disconnect the whole nervous system, as a fire might disconnect the whole of a telephone system by damaging temporarily the switches which the operators use. As the anesthetic gradually disappears from the body of the patient the normal condition of the nerve cells is restored, so that the normal sets of connections for pain or other messages or for thinking, again become possibilities.

The action of opium and similar drugs probably is to act in a similar way on the "jelly" of the nerve cells and on the connections inside the nervous system. The difference is that the action of opium and similar materials lasts longer and produces more serious effects, and is often accompanied with illusions and terrible "dreams." It probably would be possible, however, to improve or even to cure a patient suffering from the drug habit by injecting other drugs which have the power of combating the hardening of nerve cells produced by the opium. Experiments are in progress to discover whether this may or may not be a suitable method of treating victims of the drug habit.

The application of the new theories to insanity is equally apparent. There are kinds of insanity, of course, which are due to actual destruction of parts of the brain. A bullet wound of the brain, for example, may destroy portions of the brain tissue and thus cause the loss of some sense like sight or the paralysis of a part of the body or some other permanent disturbance of brain action. There are diseases, also, which destroy parts of the brain or all of it. Blood clots on the brain, resulting from the condition called apoplexy, may act, too, to produce brain destruction.

These conditions, however, do not account for most of the cases of insanity. In these average cases what goes wrong is something about the action of the brain, the brain itself remaining almost unaffected. The theory of the Cornell scientists is that there can be two kinds of this insanity. One kind is due, they believe, to the fact that something has made the brain cells too hard, as though they were too much cooked. The other kind of insanity is due, on the other hand, to the fact that the brain cells have become too soft, as though they were too little cooked. The normal operation of the brain requires just the right amount of hardness, like the medium egg which is exactly what the customer ordered.

If this were only a theory it probably would have little practical importance, but it may become more than a theory, for there exist various drugs and chemicals which may be injected into the blood and which will act, it is believed, to alter the thickness or thinness of the colloids in the brain cells. If a person suffers, for example, from the too-thick variety of insanity the injection of a drug which tends to thin the brain "jelly" may help to cure the insane condition. Among such drugs are the chemicals called bromides and those called thiocyanates.

Suppose, on the other hand, that a patient is suffering from the too-thin variety of insanity. In this case bromides or thiocyanates would make the condition worse instead of better. What is needed, the theory says, is a drug which will act to harden the brain colloids instead of making them thinner. It is interesting that one of the best of these hardening drugs, Professor Bancroft believes, is caffeine, which is present in coffee.

It is even probable, this indicates, that coffee will be a cure, at least in part, of one kind of insanity, but will act to make another kind of insanity worse.

It is probable, too, that this fact applies not only to cases of actual insanity but to the more or less normal operations of the average brain. Everyone who uses his brain at all is familiar with the fact that the brain works at times much better than it does at other times. Sometimes an individual's brain may be too dull and apathetic to be of much use. At other times the same brain may be over-active and excited, so much so that the thinking which is done under these conditions may be worse than useles. Students of psychology never have been able to explain these changes satisfactorily. Probably the new theory of the Cornell scientists provides a clue. The best brain conditions for everyone would correspond, this theory suggests, to exactly the right hardness of the brain-cell colloids. At times the brain cells of an individual may tend to be too thin; at other times too hard. Such materials as coffee would tend to improve one condition, but to make the other one worse.

This corresponds with practical experience. Some people seem to feel better and to think better on a few cups of black coffee. Other individuals feel worse and think less clearly. One set of persons, the new theory says, probably have a tendency for their brain colloids to get too thin. The other set of persons tend to the opposite extreme of brain colloids that are too thick. Perhaps one of the things that scientists will do in the future is to test every college student or other person who is to be expected to think, to determine that person's reaction to thickening or thinning chemicals. For some of these individuals frequent cups of coffee will be prescribed. Others will be warned against coffee and will be advised, instead, to take frequent doses of bromides or thiocyanates.

This new discovery of occasionaly thinning and thickening of the jelly-like substance of brain cells and the resulting insane behavior, at times, of individuals while they are apparently reasonably normal at other times might explain the peculiarities of the conduct of such a person as Harry Thaw. Thaw went along with occasional outbursts of what was regarded as "peculiar conduct"; then suddenly he had a "brainstorm" and shot Stanford White at a public gathering. Confined in an insane asylum, he seemed to improve and is still at large, although occasionally brought into court charged with outbursts of insane conduct.

Professor Bancroft's theory, especially his conclusion that injected drugs may alter the hardness or thinness of the brain cells, offers great promises not only of more complete scientific knowledge of the action of the brain, but for the practical cure of insanity and probably even for the devising of foods, drugs, conditions of life and so on which might enable ordinary sane individuals to make their brains work still better.

It's time you knew the *truth* *about soaps you use on your face*

Palmolive tells you, willingly . . . it is made of olive and palm oils—not one bit of animal fats!

YOUR complexion is priceless. Don't expect it to remain lovely if you abuse it with wrong soaps.

What are wrong soaps? Find out for yourself by asking what soaps are made of. Demand to be told.

Many soaps, mild in appearance, may roughen and irritate the skin. They cleanse, perhaps—but at what price?

Do such soaps tell you they are made of cosmetic oils? No! Vegetable oils? No! Olive and palm oils? No! Few soaps advertised tell you *what* they are made of. That is significant. Because many soaps are made of animal fats.

Palmolive has no secret

Palmolive is made of olive and palm oils—no other fats whatever. No artificial coloring. No heavy fragrance to cover animal fat odors. It is a pure soap—as pure and wholesome as the complexions it fosters. So pure, in fact, that more than 20,000 beauty experts the world over recommend it to their patrons.

What these experts prize in Palmolive is the skin effects no ordinary soap can ever bring. Nothing in all ages has compared with a blend of olive and palm oils for skin care.

Experts know that! But you need not be expert to practice this simple but vital precaution. When *you* buy soap—just ask what it's made of. You'll learn why millions turn each year to Palmolive—and Palmolive alone—to Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion.

Read what these experts say about this vegetable oil soap. They are world leaders in beauty culture. Their word in beauty matters is law to thousands of the world's loveliest women.

Marguerite Hoare of London

"My solution to the problem of cleansing without irritation is Palmolive Soap. I feel especially safe in using and recommending Palmolive because I know that no oils are used in it except vegetable oils. Olive and palm oils have actual cosmetic value in themselves."

Marguerite Hoare

Mrs. McGavran of New York City

"Your skin needs expert care to withstand the abuses of modern life. Repeated experiments have convinced us that vegetable oils in soap are best for the skin. That is why we say, use Palmolive. This soap has a bland yet penetrating lather."

M B McGavran

Dumas of New York

"Don't think that any soap will do what Palmolive does. Its penetrating, soothing vegetable oil lather cleanses without irritation, leaving the skin smooth, colorful and lovely. This is our advice to all our patrons."

Dumas

Niraus of Madrid

"All my clients are asked to use no soap except Palmolive. The pure olive and palm oils of which it is made give the skin deep, thorough cleansing. Daily cleansings with Palmolive have a tonic and rejuvenating effect on the skin."

Niraus
Madrid

Pierre of New York

"It is the vegetable oils of the olive and palm that make Palmolive so soothing and delicate. They make a soap that is safe for sensitive skins. A soap that produces no harmful irritation, but leaves the skin smooth, clean and lovely."

Pierre

Myndall Cain of Minneapolis

"The modern woman uses make-up, of course. She works in offices. She dines and dances. She uses her beauty hard. She must guard her lovely complexion twice as well as ever before. For this purpose we advise home treatments with a soap made of the vegetable oils of the olive and palm."

Myndall Cain

Dahlstrand of Stockholm

Dahlstrand says: "Oily skin is offensive not only to you but to others. You should guard against it. Use Palmolive Soap. Destroy bacteria that cause excessive oiliness, improve your color. Vegetable oils in soap will help you do it."

Jim of Hollywood

"It gives us great pleasure and satisfaction that 75 out of the 80 Hollywood beauty salons recommend Palmolive Soap, and we specially use and recommend it in our complexion advice to the stars."

Pessl of Vienna and Budapest

"No skin can remain beautiful if it is not regularly cleaned with soap and water, but to say 'use any soap' is dangerous. You should be particular in choosing the soap for your face. Only a pure soap—a soap made of fine, soothing cosmetic oils, will do. This is why I recommend only Palmolive."

L. Pessl

Rudolph of Detroit

"Women now and then have a mistaken notion that they should use no soap on the face. The trouble, I reply, in all such cases, is that they are using the wrong kind of soap. You should use Palmolive—a soap that is effective, yet gentle in its action."

Rudolph Zabel

Desfossé of Paris

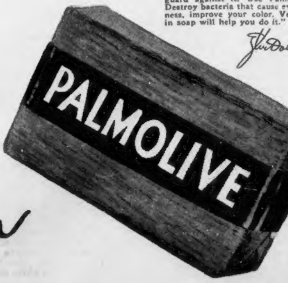
"Palmolive is so effective because of a unique blending of the olive and palm oils it contains, agents which cleanse and soothe the complexion and at the same time bring out natural color."

L. Desfossés

Emil Rohde of Chicago

"This soap has a bland, yet penetrating lather. It cleanses as only an olive oil soap can — effectively, but with a gentleness that prevents skin irritation. Use Palmolive, and you will be giving your beauty specialist the greatest possible help in keeping your skin beautiful."

E. Rohde



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Smallest Monkey Just a Spoonful

LONDON, June 20

THE London Zoo boasts what is believed to be the smallest monkey in the world. It just arrived from South America and weighs only twenty-nine grams. It is of a species of monkey remarkable for its diminutive size, the marmoset. The average marmoset is no larger than a squirrel, but a great many are as tiny as mice.

The greater number of marmosets come from tropical America. There, in the mighty forests, so dense there is a sort of upper story on the interlaced tree tops, where nearly all the birds and many mammals live without descending to earth, the exquisite marmosets, whose fur looks like the plumage and whose twittering voices imitate the notes of birds, live and have their being

The Pinche marmoset from the Guiana forests has a face like a black Indian chief, with white plumes on his head and neck like those worn by a "brave" in full war regalia. Merchants who do business with Brazil frequently import marmosets and the closely allied tamarines as pets. The Brazilians themselves use them as pets.

A kindred species is the Oukaris monkey, which has an almost human face, exquisite soft fur, and is the most gentle of creatures There is a scarlet-faced Oukaris, which has long white hair from neck to tail, sandy whiskers and a bright scarlet face. It lives in a district of partly flooded forest and very few specimens have ever been seen.

There is an excellent chance that marmosets may replace dogs as pets. There was a great vogue some time ago for tiny dogs. Women, particularly, outdid themselves in acquiring the smallest possible canines. But the smallest dog in the world is larger than many marmosets.

In Hollywood a man named George C. Zweibel, owner of an animal shop, recognizing the appeal the tiny animals have as pets, acquired a line of marmosets. The smallest he was able to get was three and a half ounces. The average weight of his collection was eight ounces. In London Mrs. A. G. Tower claimed the smallest marmoset in the world. Her pet weighed three ounces. All of these claims, however, are set aside by the new specimen now at the London Zoo.

Mr. Zweibel predicts that marmosets will become the favorite pets of movie stars in particular. From the viewpoint of intelligence, the tiny monkeys, he says, are the equal in brain-power of any of the Simian species.

The marmosets have stronger and longer limbs behind than in front. They travel about in small groups and feed upon insects and fruit. In their breeding habits they differ from their monkey cousins, giving birth to two or three young at a time, instead of one. The general body color is brownish-gray, with red and black variations on the back. The faces are hairless, the eyes large and bright, and they possess unusually large tails.

Not far from the cage in the London Zoo, where the little marmoset is kept, is another cage where lives the gorilla. This Simian beast of the jungle weighs considerably over three hundred pounds, thousands of times as much as the marmoset. Yet they are both of the same family. The range of variation in the Simian family is as great as that which exists in the canine group, which produces dogs weighing a few ounces and others weighing more than a man.

A Pigmy Marmoset, Supposedly the Smallest in the World, Recently Placed in the London Zoo. It Weighs Only 29 Grams.

China's Interesting Bridal Chairs

IN China, when a young woman is married, she is brought to the home of her husband in an elaborately carved sedan chair carried by specially garbed coolies. There are people in the larger cities who specialize in furnishing these bridal chairs to the families of young women who are being married. There are chairs for almost every purse. Some of them are extraordinary examples of Chinese wood-carving

The progress of a bride in her sedan, on her way to the house of her husband, is a picturesque sight in the streets of Chinese cities The chair is sometimes preceded by musicians, who play gay tunes. Little Chinese girls run behind and alongside of the sedan, throwing flowers to the watchers who line up on the curb.

Recently an innovation was introduced into the ancient marriage customs of the Chinese. An enterprising Chinaman stole a march on his rivals by introducing a motorized bridal sedan. In effect it was merely an American motor chassis with a beautifully carved body. The new type of bridal car is a compromise between the flowered sedan of ancient Cathay and the modern motor car

The courtship of a young Chinese couple today, however, is the same as it was a thousand years ago. It is a stately and rather lengthy process, involving family conferences over a period of weeks. Almost everybody is consulted on the subject of the prospective union except the boy and girl. It is taken for granted that they will abide by the decision of their parents.

No native bride would dream of marrying without the chair ceremonial. It is the pride of many ancient families of China to possess one of the ornate chairs, which pass from generation to generation much as heirlooms do. Some of the chairs to be seen in service today are hundreds of years old, the work of artisans who spent years on the carving and decorations long before China entered the list of republics.

At one time, when the mandarins held full sway, the social standing of an ordinary family could well be judged by the elaborateness of its bridal chairs.

Trying to Wipe Out Cannibal Leopard Men

IN India for a great many generations there flourished a well-organized confederation of assassins who, in gangs of ten to two hundred, traveled throughout the country in various guises, wormed themselves into the confidence of wayfarers of the wealthier class, then strangling them, looting the bodies and burying them. All this was done according to ancient and rigidly prescribed forms, and after the performance of special religious rites. This strange sect of assassins were called Thugs.

The British Government succeeded finally in wiping them out. But while they were engaged in this work there flourished in another part of the empire, in the Imperri country of Africa, a similar society, also organized under religious auspices for the purpose of committing murder. It was a cannibal society, whose members were called the Leopard Men.

In the hinterland of Sierra Leone, in what was called the Poro Bush, these savages lived. None but members of the Poro Society were permitted in the bush. There were pieces of ground, eminences covered with thick wood, where the smallest encroachment would subject the aggressor to the most awful punishment from the Poro, an institution much dreaded by the surrounding country. Its power superseded that of the tribal headmen, and its secret murderers were as little called to account as the Indian Thugs in the days when they were given a free hand. There was a time when any man approaching the Poro bush was captured by the Leopard Men and never heard of again. The cannibal organization ran the government of the country

The basic power of the Poro is invested in the Borfima—the Medicine. An oath administered upon Borfima is considered sacred by the natives. Through such oaths the Poro has veiled its crimes in secrecy. British agents investigating the society got this rough translation of the Oath of the Borfima

"By this medicine, should I tell a lie, if I go to the farm, may snakes bite me. If I travel by canoe, may it sink and my belly be swollen. I swear by liver, lungs and kidneys, and by my heart also, that should I break faith, may I never be saved, but die suddenly"

The administration of this oath lay entirely with the Leopard Men. It is done at special festivals, where tribal dancers work up the Leopard Men to a frenzy before the cannibal feast which accompanies such orgies. Assemblages of the killers are called by means of throbbing messages relayed to various parts of the bush by the society's signalmen, whose drum is the primitive equivalent of a modern radio transmitter

The oath of the Borfima is at once dreadful and desirable. Once anointed with the Borfima a man is said to wax rich and powerful, to be honored, to win his cases even in the white men's courts. The greatest fear of the natives is that one who owns Borfima may use it against him. The Borfima consists of the white of an egg, the blood of a rooster, some grains of rice and the blood and fat of a human being. And to be effectual it must from time to time be anointed again with the blood and the fat of a man.

Back in 1895 the widespread killings by the Leopard Men reached a point which caused the British Protectorate to pass a special ordinance which forbade and made it a penal offense for any native to have in his possession:

A leopard skin shaped so as to make a man wearing it take the semblance of a leopard (the usual attire of the leopard killers); a three-pronged knife (with which the assassins killed their victims) and the native medicine known as Borfima.

This law [illegible] passed after thirty Leopard murders had been traced in the section over a period of five years. Some 400 arrests were made, and among the prisoners were several chiefs—paramount and sub-chiefs. A special commission was appointed to deal with the evil. It sat as a court for one year, during which thirty-four trials took place. Seven men were executed and two imprisoned for life, eleven were deported, and the others sentenced to terms of imprisonment

There was no doubt that these trials had a salutary effect on the Poro. But the report of the Special Commission said:

"The blind belief in the efficacy of Borfima, the fact that human sacrifices are needed to renew its efficacy, and a tendency to cannibalism pure and simple, will contribute to the survival of the Human Leopard Society. It has held sway, possibly, for centuries. The task of stamping it out will be one of great difficulty."

Not long ago, at one of the villages on the Monghezi River, the young son of a chieftain awoke to find two dark figures crouching over him. Down the back of one of them hung a leopard's skin. A scream from the boy, and the assailants moved off in the darkness. But it was too late. The boy lay dead, three stabs in his throat, made with the three-pronged knife of the Poro killers

All who knew of the affair were sworn to secrecy under oath of the Borfima. A council of the Poro had decided it was time again to feed the Medicine. Within a fortnight another young man had been killed in much the same manner. The Leopard Killers, dormant for many years, were awakened to new activities

Special police were detailed to work on the cases. Several arrests were made, and the natives involved will go on trial for the murder of the two boys. But it will be difficult to get witnesses to testify. Those who reveal any of the secrets they may know would have their hearts and kidneys wither away. Thus runs the oath of the Borfima, and they believe in it more than they fear the legal vengeance of the white men.

let's put it to a VOTE

When it comes to a choice between *Genuine* and *Imitation*—there's always a good reason why the *genuine* takes the vote...The makers of Palm Beach Cloth have staked their reputation on winning good will and holding it. Behind that reputation are fifty years of weaving skill—fifty years of knowing how.

¶ And that's why *genuine* Palm Beach is the choice of millions...Men know its quality—its sturdy weave—its unmatched coolness and comfort...Men have learned through seasons of test and comparison that it is the greatest value in the world of Summer Wear.

¶ When the plausible salesman offers you a "just as good" or tries to lure you with a "bargain"—just smile and *insist* it's a *Palm Beach Suit* you want. The label in every garment is your guide-post to safety.

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Secrets of London's Most

The Countess of Kinnoull, Titled Daughter of
Mother's Often-Raided Supper and
Behind the Scenes With the R

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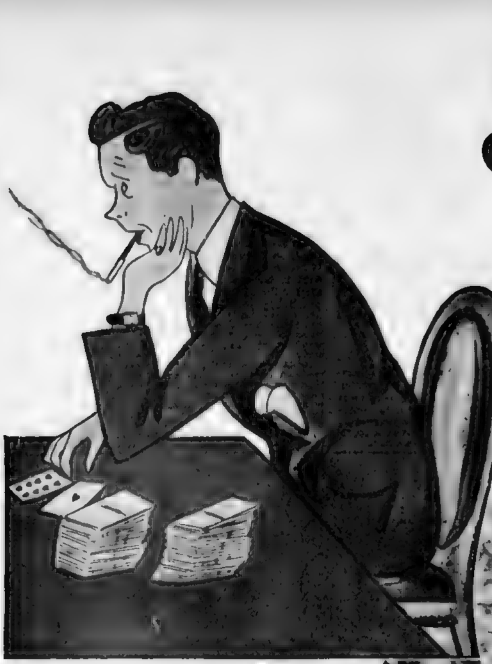


Caricature of the Prince of Wales at One of the Gambling Tables at Deauville. By "Bib," the French Cartoonist.

By the Right Honorable the Countess of Kinnoull

Who Also Bears the Titles of Viscountess Dupplin, Baroness Hay of Kinfauns, Baroness Hay of Balhousie and Baroness Hay of Pedwardine.

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

WHEN persons for the first time in their lives realize that they are eating, drinking and dancing in the same room with nobility and even royalty and breathing the same air as they do, in a London night club, they often do the most extraordinary things.

Their antics take the form of snobbery which I have seen run from comedy to actual tragedy, and yet the snobs are never, as some suppose, those who were born to old titles. Of course, if a bounder or climber, seeing an Earl sitting at the next table, tries to force himself on the nobleman's society, the result is likely to be cold and unpleasant to the intruder, who will be properly put in his place. That does not mean that the Earl is a snob, but merely that he has the right to choose his own friends as anyone else has.

Men and women of high rank cultivate a cold and distant look in public, but this is not haughtiness, but a defensive measure to keep strangers at bay; otherwise they would have no privacy at all. But they are not snobs and I have seen titled persons actually suffer rather than offend a well-meaning person. I will never forget the time that Lord Kinnoull and I had to force down two dinners, one on top of the other, to avoid seeming to high-hat some well-intentioned persons who would never have understood.

The real snobs are the climbers who are not sure how high up the ladder they are and lick the boots of those they think above them and glare contemptuously at those below. Most of their maneuvers are harmless and funny to watch, as I often did from my post of manager of the "43 Club," the "Little" and the "Manhattan," but sometimes they ended in such disasters as divorce, bankruptcy and ruined lives.

At the Manhattan Club there often came a man of about 50, who had made a splendid fortune honestly and enjoyed the high regard of everyone, even his own wife, who was some 20 years younger. All this couple had to do was to be happy and thankful for what they had and enjoy themselves. But at the club they literally bumped elbows on the dancing floor with titled personages and finally came to know one or two slightly. Soon they were bitten by the snobbery microbe and decided they could not be happy without a title, too.

The man, whom we will call Mr. J., wanted to buy a title as many another man had done before him. But Lloyd George had sold so many titles to enrich his party's treasury that it had become a scandal and just then no more were for sale at any price. Mr. J., finding that this was really true, gave up the idea entirely, like the practical business man he was.

His pretty young wife, however, could not get the notion out of her fluffy head. As every woman knows, things that cannot be bought, begged, borrowed or stolen can sometimes be won by the ancient art of vamping. A gold-digger may dig other things than gold, anything from a glass of beer to a kingdom.

She made inquiries and she was told that a certain permanent official in a Government office in Whitehall—where all the administrative offices of the British Government are—had a very strong pull in this business of influencing the recommendations for titles. She also found that he was rather susceptible to good-looking women.

Miss Loelia Ponsonby, Who Met the Duke of Westminster, One of the Richest Peers in England, at the Berkeley Restaurant, and Has Recently Become the Duchess of Westminster.

So her first move was to have this official introduced to her at lunch at the Savoy Hotel one day. He was a man in the advanced fifties, but, as the French say, "he was still green," which is to say, that though getting on in years, he still had young ideas. He dressed well and he still pulled down the lapels of his morning coat and adjusted his tie under the wing collar when presented to a pretty woman. He did all of those things when he met Mrs. J. at the Savoy.

"You must come and dine with me one evening, Sir Robert," said little Mrs. J. "It is possible my husband might be away as he has a lot of business in Manchester. But I hope you wouldn't mind that."

Sir Robert gave her a look which showed that, far from minding, he thought the omission would be an added attraction to any dinner at her house. And when Mrs. J. gave him one of her most dazzling smiles, it dazzled the official sufficiently so that he availed himself of her definite invitation for two days later.

Mr. J. was not there. There was a well-trained, impecunious aunt of Mrs. J.'s who dined with them and chaperoned them and then, about eleven o'clock, announced that "she really must go to bed."

Sir Robert stayed till about 1 a. m., enjoying not only the very excellent Croft's Port, 1896, but the conversation and presence of Mrs. J. By the time his car was called to the house in South Audley Street, behind Park Lane, he had entirely understood that the very pretty Mrs. J. was not happy about something in her domestic life, and that for a consideration he was expected to arrange things better.

The consideration, in view of Sir Robert's already considerable wealth, could hardly be one of money. This permanent official of a Government department made that obvious. He was, however, I may say, a very mean man, for I recollect on one occasion at the Little Club when Mrs. J. brought him along there he argued about a portion of salmon on his bill and vehemently demanded that 50 cents should be struck off. But, although mean, he was no grafter in the money sense. Sir Robert was more "romantic" than that.

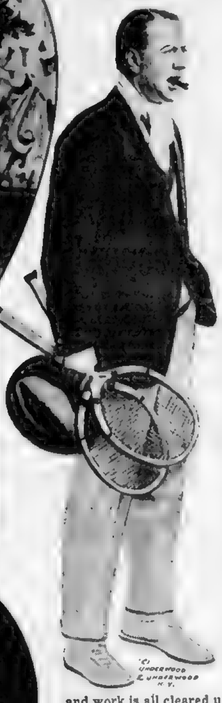
Yes, Sir Robert had Scotch blood in him and the Scotchmen are said to pride themselves on getting their romance without frittering away any money on ropes of pearls and diamond brooches or any such extravagances as weaker-minded races of men find necessary to give their lady-loves. They believe in free love, that is, as far as payment for it is concerned.

The Marquis of Anglesey, Who Was Impersonated by an Impostor at the "Forty-three Club."

Mrs. J. realized that fact and thought she understood him perfectly. Women in the game of love usually do understand their men perfectly, but when they misunderstand, how woefully wrong a woman goes. She thought he would not take money nor would he give it, but he would accept favors and in return surely get her husband a title that would not cost anybody anything. What could be sweeter?

So when they met on the terrace of the House of Commons for strawberries and cream one afternoon, she mentioned casually, talking of the magnificent weather:

"Isn't it far too delightful to stay in town these days? Do you know, Sir Robert, I'm thinking of taking a run over to Deauville for the week-end, but I don't know a soul to go with me. And I'd simply hate going alone. I wish I knew someone who was free to come across."



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The Duke of Westminster, Who Married His Third Wife, Loelia Ponsonby, Recently.

Sir Robert smiled and pulled at his tie. Then he said:

"I suppose it would not be any use my offering to accompany you and look after you?" His smile said very definitely that it would be quite a lot of "use."

"That would be simply topping," said Mrs. J. "But do you think people might misunderstand? Oh, well, never mind. I don't care if you don't. But can you get away from duty?"

"Quite easily," said Sir Robert. "The Parliamentary session is about at an end now, and work is all cleared up for some time ahead."

"Splendid. But please, Sir Robert, I'd expect you to come over as my guest. Not officially, you know, but just between ourselves. And after all, you'd be doing me a great favor because you'd be looking after me, wouldn't you? In every way?"

Mrs. J. gave the gay old boy a dazzling smile and an inflaming look which settled all doubts in Sir Robert's mind on certain matters, but he waited with some uncertainty to learn what it was going to cost. In a moment her face turned sad.

"I am thinking of my husband," she explained with a sigh. Sir Robert turned sad, too. A husband was a sad subject of conversation just then. He wondered why she brought it up.

"Yes, poor dear," she went on. "If I could only think of some way he could get a baronetcy, it would make him so happy and relieve my conscience of er—anything."

"I get the idea," said Sir Robert happily, and they began to plan their little trip. Now I don't want to seem too superstitious, but I have often noticed that bad luck seems to travel like a contagious disease and it certainly travelled on the Channel boat they took. On that boat was the ill-fated Vera, Countess of Cathcart, and the Earl of Craven. True, the Cathcart hoodoo might have left Mrs. J. alone if she had kept out of the way, but her naturally snobbish temperament, prompting her to be with anyone with a title, asserted itself when she saw Vera on the boat. Taking advantage of the fact that she knew the Countess slightly, she managed to get the two couples together. It was a stewardess on that boat who was the principal witness for the Earl of Cathcart against his wife and Lord Craven as co-respondent.

Sir Robert and Mrs. J. arrived in Deauville. It is not for me to say nor even to speculate on what happened there. I wasn't there at the time and I am relating in these articles only what I actually know. At all events, they returned and at the Little Club and at the Manhattan Mrs. J. let it be known that her husband would shortly be created a baronet.

It never happened. Sir Robert had, as a matter of fact, very much less power in the matter of influencing titles than Mrs. J. had imagined,

Notorious Night Club

Mrs. Meyrick, and Manager of Her Dance Resorts, Reveals Episodes ich and Fashionable Patrons

sty the Queen, perhaps no woman's nown in London than Mrs. Kate tor of several famous night clubs. s served a prison term for defying or and keeping open after hours. itrious mother was in her prison eyrick, her daughter, managed the

ng meeting grounds of the upper rld, where champagne splashes the igh ice in the cocktail shakers to pital, Miss May met and soon married us the Night Club Queen's daughof the British Peerage; indeed, another daughter, Miss Dorothy Meyrick, also married a Peer, Lord de Clifford.

"Lady May," the Countess of Kinnoull, has lived in the artificial glitter of night club life ever since she graduated from fashionable Roedean School, and knows everybody of wealth and title in and out of England. She has met the best and the worst of people, and has watched the ebb and flow of life and the whirlpools of intrigue, dissipation and scandal which sometimes cast the victims into the divorce courts, financial ruin or a suicide's grave.

The Countess of Kinnoull now draws aside the curtain of secrecy and reveals many extraordinary incidents in the famous night clubs owned and managed by Mrs. Meyrick and herself.

---

d he had simply seized the opportunity and ed his position in a Government department to ther a little clandestine and attractive "affaires mour" with a silly little woman whose snobry had led her—as I understand it—to make e greatest bid a woman can make in order to ure a title for her husband.

Mrs. J. had made a fool of herself and Sir bert had cannily gotten something for noth-, which no doubt was annoying enough for at lady, forced to suffer in silence. But a mean e was not willing to let it even go at that. Mr. who was to have gotten the title because of s unhallowed honeymoon of his wife, learned what she had been doing through the fact at she was almost summoned as a witness in e Cathcart divorce suit.

His outlook on life was that you must judge erything by results and that the end justifies e means. Had he been given his title, I am re that this snobbish prig would have overoked his wife's side-slip. But as events had rned out, he boiled over with righteous indigtion and at once instituted an action for dirce. At first he cited Sir Robert as co-reondent.

I remember overhearing the matter being dissed at one of our clubs and it was there that was decided over a bottle of Cliquot between r. J. and the solicitor who was acting for Sir bert that Mr. J. should withdraw Sir Robert's me from the citation and substitute a co-reondent unknown. For there apparently had en another man in Mrs. J.'s recent life.

Now mark the cruel irony of Fate. Mr. J. d tried to buy the baronetcy in the first place th money and failed. Then his wife thought e had bought it for him in another way and tten somehow cheated out of it. On account her methods her husband had divorced her thout alimony. After she had settled down in verty and disgrace, supporting herself as a okkeeper in a lodging house at Bloomsbury, me the final blow. One morning she looked at e paper, uttered a shriek and fainted.

She had read that her husband who had vorced her had received that title after all. A ndition of Mr. J. withdrawing Sir Robert's me was that strings should be pulled at the adquarters of the party then in power—to hom any scandal round Sir Robert's name ould have been most unwelcome—and that the ronetcy should be granted to Mr. J. Those rings were pulled successfully to hush up the andal.

Thus the threat of scandal, a weapon placed his hand by his wife's unfaithfulness, gave Mr. what his money and her sacrifice could not

Early this year I happened to be over in Le quet with my husband and, as we usually do, went into the Casino to "have a flutter." It ned out that the Prince of Wales had made e of his flying visits to that unlucky luxury on the North French coast that week-end he had come to the Casino to play bact.

The Prince is not what I would call a great bler. He does not play either for such high es, nor does he enter into the game so wholetedly as his grandfather, King Edward, who y had, from all accounts, the true gambler's it. However, the point I want to tell you out has not so much to do with the Prince's mbling propensities as with the snobbery of American woman who found herself playing ainst him. And I want to say right now that I nsider that a certain type of American is the st snobbish person in the world.

The Prince of Wales and this lady found emselves opposed in a baccarat game. The ince was playing with 1,000-franc chips bout $40) and in a short time he found that he d lost something like $10,000, the American dy being the winner.

She, being very flattered—and I suppose fluttered — at playing opposite to the heir to the British throne, announced to a friend her intention of sitting on and playing till the Prince had won back all his money. And so she played on deliberately with the intention of losing back all the money, which she did, and hoped, I suppose, that it would curry favor for her with His Royal Highness.

If the Prince had known the truth! Instead of winning his favor, it would have meant goodbye to all social recognition the lady hoped for in English society. For the Prince simply loathes that or any other form of snobbery, which is all that this was.

I don't know if you know the story—a true one by the way—of the Prince of Wales and the American officer during the war. The Prince was wandering round the firing line in France and he came across an American lieutenant at one point of the trenches. The American, seeing a very young English staff officer prowling around, as he thought, said:

"Say, where d'you think you're going? And who are you, any way?"

"I'm just taking a look round," said the Prince. "As to who I am, I am the Prince of Wales."

The American stared. Then he chuckled.

"Say, that's a hot one. Prince of Wales, are you? Well, I'm the King of England."

A few days later a concert was being given behind the lines and the American officer found himself in the front rows of the audience. There was a stir and everybody whispered that His Royal Highness was coming in. The American lieutenant stared as he recognized the young man he had challenged and disbelieved. Just then the Prince also recognized him. With a broad grin and a cheery wave of the hand, the Prince hailed him with:

"Hello, Dad!"

Here is a case that happened to my husband and myself.

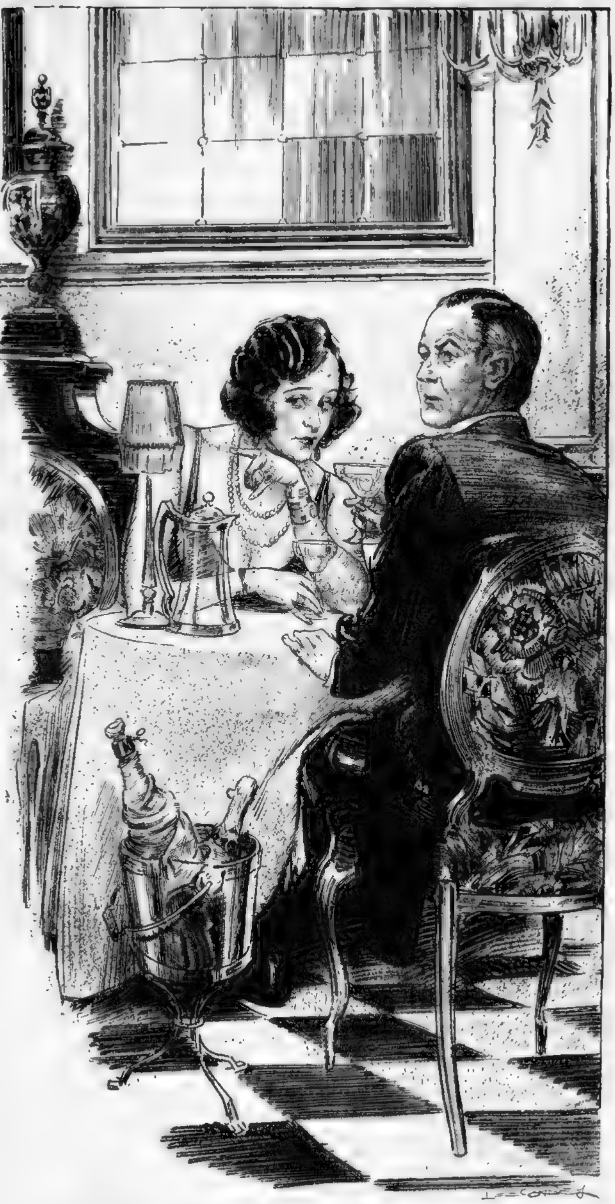
I had met a man who is head of a very large manufacturing concern in the north of England. He was very nice to me. Some time later when I became engaged to Lord Kinnoull, I had a telephone message from one of our clubs to say that this man had arrived for dinner and hoped to see me and my fiance and to congratulate us both. We promised to go and dine with him.

By the time we had both changed and Lord Kinnoull had come to fetch me it was a good deal later, and when we arrived we found that our host had been celebrating in the meanwhile. He was, however, very dignified and led us to a special table with great pomp and ceremony. He had left the ordering of dinner to the second head waiter, who had provided a very rich menu. Caviare, turtle soup, lobster thermidor, and mousse of chicken, and cocktails and a magnum of champagne.

Everything was all right till the ices arrived. Then our host seemed to deem that the fact of his dining with an Earl and a future Countess was worthy of a speech. So he rose to his feet and nearly collapsed on the highly polished floor. While various dancers and members of the staff looked on in amazement, our host, after an effort or two, managed to get out:

"Mos' honored. Mos' honored, I'm sure. Dinin' with royalty." Apparently we had been promoted in rank through the rosy rapture of champagne. And after having repeated, "Dinin' with royalty, mos' honored" several times, he bowed very low, walked a few steps backwards —how he did it goodness only knows—and suddenly left us. I heard later that he had informed many people at his hotel that he had had a very fine dinner with royalty.

But the sequel is really amusing now, though painful then. My fiance and I, after a little while, got up and were preparing to go when another business magnate appeared. He greeted me effusively and said, "Congratulations, my dear. So you are really going to marry an Earl. Where is his lordship? I would like to meet his lordship."



"I know a girl who would be exactly the right wife for you," said the Duke of Westminster's companion as they were dining at the Berkeley restaurant one evening. "She is attractive and she is not modern in the sense you are talking about."

"Huh! Some frump, I suppose," said the Duke as he sipped his champagne.

"Not a frump at all," said the lady. "She's a very attractive creature, and she's in this very room now."

Naturally I sat up all attention as the Duke said, "Where?"

"Over at that table in the corner," said his companion, and she indicated the place. "Her name is Loelia Ponsonby, and I'll introduce you to her if you like."

And Loelia Ponsonby is now the Duchess of Westminster.

I introduced him to my fiance.

"Well, this is an occasion," he cried. "Will your lordship have supper with me? Now, you must. Come on, just the three of us."

Lord Kinnoull looked at me and I at him. We had just finished a sumptuous dinner half an hour before, and the thought of another meal was in itself almost too much for us. But this man seemed so overjoyed at meeting Lord Kinnoull and was so insistent that we sat down with him..

Lord Kinnoull made the decision and indicated to me that we had better accept because the man's attitude showed that he feared a lord would make some sort of excuse to avoid dining with a commoner such as he was and my fiance could not bear to hurt his feelings. Before we realized what was happening, this other man had ordered dinner and to my horror I found he was choosing exactly the same dishes, from the caviare and turtle soup to the ices, as we had recently eaten. I shall never know how, for the sake of politeness, I managed to struggle through the meal which was now called supper and which we had eaten as dinner already.

But our second host noticed nothing. He kept assuring Lord Kinnoull with charming candor that "He had never chatted with an Earl before. He was delighted to meet a real live Lord." And so he paid for a totally unwanted meal for us, though he semed to enjoy his own immensely. The receipts to the club from these two gentlemen, who seemed so bucked and impressed with dining beside an Earl, were about $100.

There was a very good-looking and otherwise very charming youth, who was the younger brother of a very rich Earl and was therefore entitled to the prefix "Honorable" before his name. To make clear what I mean, if my husband had a younger brother he would be the "Honorable John or William (or other Christian name) Hay," Hay being the Kinnoull family name.

Now, in chatting to me or anyone else at one or other of our clubs this "Honorable" man always spoke of his brother in conversation as "the belted Earl" or "the noble Earl." He tried to make it sound as if he were making a joke of it, but to those of us who knew him, we were well aware it was meant to impress people with his social position.

One one occasion at the Little Club, a young

Continued on Page 21

Lava Love — by Inez Castello

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BEAUTIFUL Adora Vernon's position on the yacht Sea-Spray on a cruise in the South Seas becomes embarrassing when Nicky Armstrong, the owner, makes clandestine love to her. Nicky's wife discovers the affair and innocent Adora is drugged and left behind at Saranoa at the plantation of Carlos de Velasquinez, a former admirer of hers.

The Spaniard makes her an offer of marriage but headstrong Adora refuses and escapes to Saranoa where she falls into the hands of Manuel da Costa, a Portuguese innkeeper. Carlos rescues her and returns her to his plantation. Under the ardor of his love-making Adora feels herself weakening.

She decides to marry Carlos but determines to tantalize him a bit before she surrenders. She is about to confess her love when Conchita Mendez and her brother, Luiz, arrive unexpectedly for a visit. The Spaniard introduces Adora as his wife to save her reputation.

Conchita is furious, as she hoped to marry Carlos for his wealth and [illegible]. [illegible] Adora [illegible] that she is not married and [illegible] to [illegible] her and Carlos with each other. An earthquake brings Adora and Carlos together, all misunderstandings are swept away and they agree to be married in the morning.

While Carlos is after the priest Luiz, now madly infatuated with Adora, has her kidnaped by da Costa. They make it appear that Adora has drowned herself and hold her prisoner in the house of da Costa's nephew, Jaime.

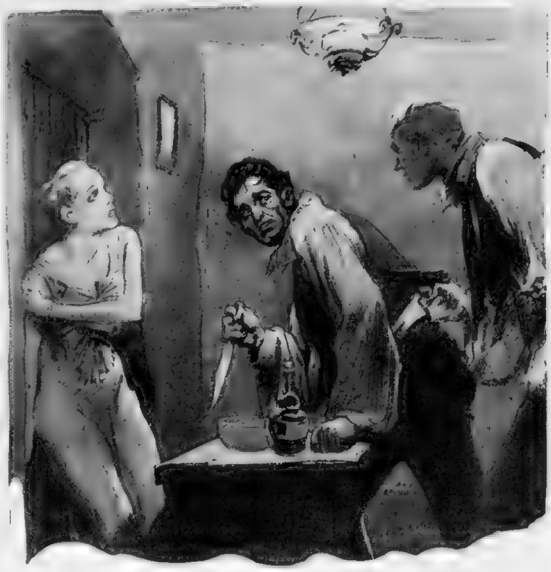
Carlos is suspicious of Conchita and in order to trap her says he will marry her when Adora's body is found, or, at Conchita's suggestion, which he takes as a sign that Adora does not wish to marry him. The Spanish girl persuades her brother to force Adora to write a letter to that effect.

CHAPTER XXII.

Hope Reborn.

THE bars of Adora's chamber of bondage were not now so grim and forbidding. Hope, faint and elusive but existent, had dawned once more in her soft breast since that interview with her captor, da Costa. It had been born in her like some frail and puling babe which might live, or might not—by her gaoler, Jaime. He had said nothing definite in words. But, after clearing away her supper on the night da Costa had left her with his threats and his gibes, Jaime had hinted that he was inclined to help her.

He had refused at the time to utter more than a few words indicating that he was inclined to be friendly, and indeed had been unable to say more because of the toothless old woman who had followed him up and glared suspiciously at them both. But Adora had slept that night with a greater feeling of security in the knowledge that she might not be so much alone as she had imagined.



"You can put that away," Luiz Said, His Own Hand Gone Swifty to a Hip-pocket, From Which It Emerged With an Automatic.

All the next day, however, she saw nothing of Jaime. She was served only by toothless old Marya, as poisonous of tongue as she was hideous of face and form. The old hag seemed to take a huge delight in showering abuse on Adora, and something she let drop towards the close of the next day rather frightened that frail ray of hope born in Adora. It suggested to her that Jaime's attitude of friendship was already suspect, thus accounting for his absence from her room.

"Beauty is only skin-deep as the saying is!" mumbled the old hag, with a leer. "And some men can't keep their eyes off the pretty creatures they see, whoever they belong to. Well, they are asking for trouble in nine cases out of ten. Jaime's like that..."

That frightened Adora, though she did not show it in her eyes or manner, because—if Jaime were now in no position to help her—hope had been ill-born. That he still was in the house, she knew. She had seen him from one of her windows, working in the garden, and she had heard his voice through the cracked wood of the carefully locked door as he talked to the old woman.

Jaime greatly puzzled Adora, anyhow. It seemed that he was da Costa's nephew. He was a grown man, and strong of build. Why then did he allow himself to be bullied by his uncle as he had done overnight? He looked clean and honest enough too, so far as that went, a very different man to his uncle. And he had frankly expressed his dislike for the task of guarding her, been sorry for her position. Why then was he so much under the uncle's thumb as to obey him even against his own inclination?

Adora could find no answer to these questions as night fell and the time came when the toothless old Marya brought in an oil-lamp to light the room, the windows of which she always shuttered. But tonight she was late in coming, and the room was

(Continued on Page 16)

Almost incredible . . . the way this new kind of Face Powder foils the ravages of Sun and Wind

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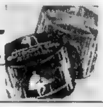

LIGHTEX for Oily Skins in the Red Box . . . With OLIVE OIL for Normal Skins in the Purple Box

"YES—I am 39 years Old!"

SAYS
IRENE RICH

This charming screen star—mother of two grown daughters—has a complexion secret you, too, can share!

"I don't mind a bit confessing that I'm 39!" says Irene Rich.

And why, indeed, *should* she! As the pictures on this page show, she's even lovelier today than she was ten years ago!

"You see," Irene Rich goes on with her winning smile, "a screen star must not only win the admiration of her public, but hold it, too. She must *stay* young in spite of birthdays. And she does!

"Indeed, I don't believe *any* woman needs to grow old, no matter how many birthdays she's had. If she really wants to, she can keep her youthful freshness right through the years!"

How do the lovely stars keep so amazingly young and charming year after year? You have often wondered!

"You *must* guard complexion beauty," says Irene Rich. "The right soap can do wonders for your skin. For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap and it is simply invaluable. Its lather is so gentle and soothing! My daughters, too, have already started to use it."

How 605 out of 613 important Hollywood actresses guard youthful charm

Like Irene Rich, Hollywood's other famous stars (9 out of 10 of them!) guard the youthful loveliness of their skin with fragrant, delicately white Lux Toilet Soap.

It is the *official* soap for dressing rooms in all the great film studios.

Surely *you* will want to try this gentle care! Order several cakes—today!

IRENE RICH AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS (left to right) Jane, 14 years old, Frances 20, their mother, actually 39! Still radiantly youthful, still irresistibly appealing, Irene Rich is one of the countless stars who use Lux Toilet Soap to guard complexion beauty.

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap

Youth Lux Toilet Soap—10¢

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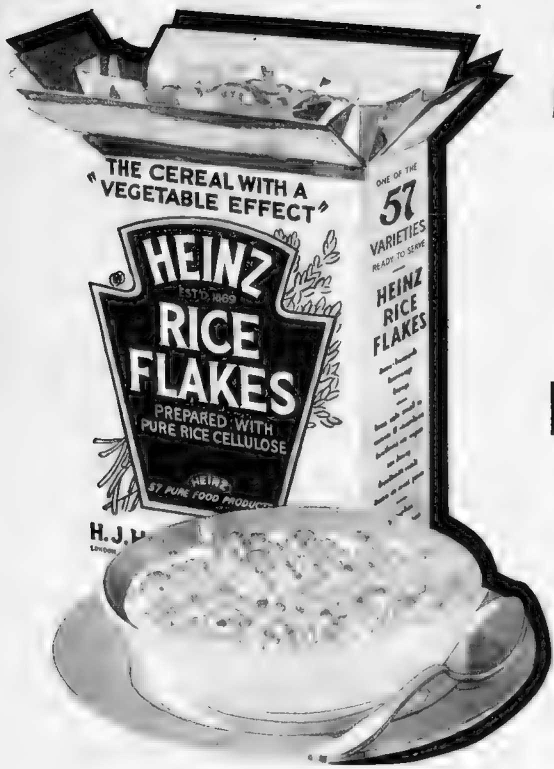
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57 PURE FOOD PRODUCTS
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Heinz Rice Flakes have something for you that no other rice flakes have! . . . *a gentle corrective quality.* Nature gives this quality to some fruits and vegetables, and we've given it to Heinz Rice Flakes. These delicious flakes do the same *mildly laxative* work that apricots and asparagus do! They have what is sometimes called a "corrective vegetable effect." They're the *only* rice flakes that have this important corrective effect! Remember that.

Heinz Rice Flakes will help keep you healthy and well. And you're *sure* to like them. For we've followed Nature's wise plan of making foods "good-for-you," and good to eat, too. You'll find Heinz Rice Flakes just as delicious—just as tempting—as other famous foods of the "57 Varieties."

Now—mail the coupon for two generous trial packages—enough for six servings—FREE! Mail the coupon to-day. We'll send you *two generous trial packages of Heinz Rice Flakes—enough to serve six people*—free and prepaid. Try them in milk or cream—and let the children have plenty. They'll love these crisp little flakes—and they need their gentle corrective help, too. When you're ready for more, order from your grocer. Be sure to insist on Heinz—the bright blue and yellow package.

Now for the scientific story . . .

Heinz Rice Flakes not only furnish all the energy and body-building elements of rice, but they supply an essential substance found in no other rice flakes. This substance is *cereal-cellulose*—one of the gentlest, mildest, and most effective correctives known to man.

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During these eight years, and since then, careful tests have been made. These tests prove conclusively that Heinz Rice Flakes have the same natural, corrective quality that Nature gives to some fruits and vegetables. It costs much more to make Heinz Rice Flakes this way. But it costs *you* no more. © 1931, H. J. H. Co.

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H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
Makers of the "57 Varieties"

Lava Love—by Inez Castello

(Continued from Page 14)

[illegible]unged into darkness, while the [illegible] seemed steeped in so unusually profound a silence as to [illegible] Adora wonder if she alone were in it.

[illegible] looking out from the [illegible] which gave her a land[illegible] in the direction of that [illegible] [illegible] out of [illegible] the great [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the spirit of [illegible]

Lovely [illegible] her[illegible] Adora regarded [illegible] with a [illegible] too was confined, though for no fault of her own. Her story was real, while that of Palarossa was merely a legend. Pilarossa slept, while she herself could not sleep now at nights for sheer anxiety. Yet, between Pilarossa and herself there existed one likeness, Adora told herself, remembering the words of [illegible] on the now seemingly long distant day when she had [illegible] the volcano's cavernous depths [illegible] bath of [illegible] lava.

"[illegible] dangerous, both in mountains and in humans," Carlos had said to her enigmatically. And she, at the time, had failed to [illegible] the comparison.

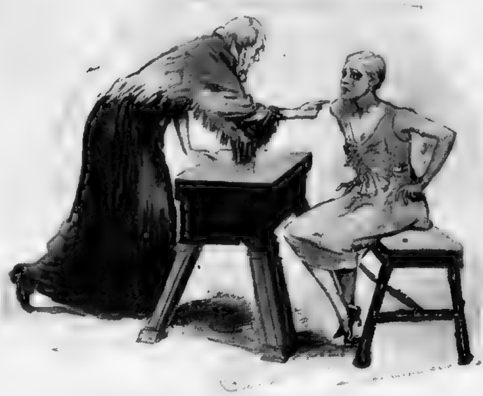
"Lava [illegible]?" she had asked [illegible].

She knew now that Carlos had [illegible]. She had [illegible] in more ways than one the workings of what Carlos [illegible] of nature. The lava of human passion [illegible] now [illegible] in herself, and because of its outburst in others she was imprisoned here now. An evil and violent lava, the last destructive, lustful, horrible... making her the victim of one after another—Nicky, Luiz, the vile da Costa.

Even while the name of the last passed through her mind like a shuddering shadow of shame, footsteps came lumbering up the wooden stairs outside the door, and Adora looked forward almost eagerly for the door to open, even though it would only admit toothless old Marya and her lamp, for the lone and silent day had hung wearily.

The key turned in the lock, and the door opened and a man's figure loomed behind the lamplight's momentarily dazzling glow. The figure of da Costa himself, grinning across at her as he laid the lamp on the table, and closed the door again.

"Hola, delicious morsel!" he chuckled, rubbing together the fat palms of his hands. "We have no knives, and there is no foolish Jaime here now to interrupt our pleasant little conversation. That nephew of mine, so I found, meant to tell Don Carlos where you were. Well, to prevent that, I have had my friend Diego Vendoz, captain of the police, put my nephew in prison, where he stays till you are off the Isla and away."


The Old Hag Seemed to Take a Huge Delight in Showering Abuse on Adora.

Hope from that source, therefore, had been only still-born. Adora shivered with apprehension. She was defenseless against this brute's strength, she quite realized, though she would struggle and fight to the very end. And meantime, squatting opposite her at the table, he made no immediate attempt to do more than grin across at her, his small eyes glinting with anticipation.

"I have had your lover, Don Luiz, demanding to see you," he chuckled. "Wants a word with you very particularly, it seems. But that is as I wish. He does not know where I am keeping his little lady-love, and he will not know until he pays more for the information. That is where your Manoel is clever, do you not think, querida bella? First, a nice sum in pesetas for taking the lady away and arranging for her to appear dead. Then, once the lady is in Manoel's hands, another very much larger sum must our young Romeo pay before he is told where she is."

"If it is a question of money," said Adora on a sudden inspiration, "hasn't it come to your mind that you would get far more from Don Carlos for returning me to him—unharmed?"

"Don Carlos?" The other squinted. "I want no money from him. I hate him. The more harm I could do him, the better. He will never see you again, if he paid me a fortune. No. And I do not know that Luiz shall have you, either. That young caballero has threatened me because I demanded more money of him. He might, in his anger, give me away to Don Carlos. I think, after all, the story of your drowning will have to be made good."

"You mean that you actually intend to kill me?" Adora gasped.

The other chuckled.

"After I have possessed you. Unless, by that time, I love you too much."

"By that time," said Adora with a shudder, "I would far better be dead. It would be more merciful to kill me here and now."

Despair had settled dully upon Adora as she said that. Now indeed she could see no hope at all. If even Luiz did not know where she was, how was she to be saved? For even Luiz would have been preferable to this hideous brute who lolled across the table, facing her, amusing himself with her fears, devouring her beauty with his unclean eyes.

"The house is empty. I have sent old Marya away for a while. We shall have one sweet little hour together, you and I, pretty one, with no one to come between us, no one to stop me from loving you..."

At a sound, his gloating words came to an abrupt end, and an expression of amazement crept into his eyes. He swung round towards the door, through the cracks in which came that sound, footsteps, mounting hurriedly up the stairs.

"Now—who can this be?" gasped da Costa in doubt and amazement.

Before da Costa could reach the door it had been flung wide, and there entered the very person of whom Adora had last been thinking, as at any rate preferable to the hotel-keeper, Don Luiz himself. Obviously da Costa was as much surprised and chagrined to see him as Adora was partly relieved.

"You?" choked Manoel, his little beady eyes squinting, his mouth agape.

"Why not?" laughed Don Luiz. "You thought I could not find out where the eagle had hidden our little lamb? You are a fool, da Costa. I knew I had to wait my time and follow the eagle to his nest. And here I am."

"Maybe..."

The inn-keeper slipped a hand to the sash at his waist, and the lamplight flashed upon a naked knifeblade, sharp and keen.

"The eagle can be dangerous, Don Luiz. His nest is no place for you," spluttered da Costa.

The other laughed. The knife did not deter him. He waved it grandiloquently aside.

"The point is that I have discovered the nest," he reminded the other. "That is important. The cards are now all with me. If the game is not won by me, I have only to tell Don Carlos where his stolen little lamb is to be found."

"And that you dare not do, for your own sake," grinned da Costa. "Remember that the little lamb is supposed to be dead, and must—for your own sake—remain so."

"On the contrary," observed Don Luiz smoothly, moving with nonchalance further into the room, "certain developments have altered that plan. It is now necessary that the little lamb should be proven alive."

"How—in the devil's name?" squinted da Costa, astonished and not a little puzzled, as also was the listening Adora, who took a step forward with an exclamation of renewed hope and excitement.

"You have told Carlos the truth, Luiz?" she surmised. "You are going to take me back to him? Thank heaven...This brute was threatening to kill me."

"Was he?"

Luiz kissed Adora's outstretched little hands, and turned on da Costa, in whose right hand the long-bladed knife quivered threateningly. Luiz pointed to it.

"You can put that away," he said, his own hand gone swiftly to a hip-pocket, from which it emerged with an automatic.

Da Costa, realizing a superiority of force for which he had not been prepared, replaced the knife in his waist sash. He had the disgruntled air of a mongrel, from whom a bigger mongrel has stolen some choice morsel. Don Luiz smiled when the knifeblade vanished.

"That is better!" he said. "If there is any killing to be done, we will discuss the matter later. For the moment, you thief of an inn-keeper, you will understand that you are my paid servant. Understand, too, that I have only to take our little lamb straight from this house and restore her to Don Carlos, telling him that I had discovered her to be held captive in your power, subject to your vile attentions—as I am sure she has been—and your days are numbered."

"I have not interfered with her at all. She will tell you so..." da Costa was protesting when Adora intervened.

"If you had not arrived when you did, Luiz," she said, "I do not know what would have happened. He and I were alone in this house, and he was threatening me as you came in. But—what does that matter? You are surely taking me right back to Carlos now?"

He avoided her challenging eyes, bright with hope, and turned to da Costa, pointing to the door.

"You will wait outside. The senorita and I have matters to discuss. And remember, da Costa, the cards are all in my hands."

After a moment of mutinous hesitation, his face yellow with malice, Manoel slunk out through the open doorway, and the door was closed. Adora meantime was studying the averted face of Don Luiz with less of certainty in her eyes than had been expressed in them a moment before. She could not conceive what they had to discuss, nor why she and Don Luiz needed to remain in this house another instant.

"Why are you looking like that, Luiz?" she asked as he remained staring at the closed door in silence. "And—why don't we go at once?"

"I was thinking what a pity it was I ever had to secure that pig of an inn-keeper's assistance to take you away from Carlos," Luiz answered evasively. "Unfortunately, there was no alternative."

"There was one other, Luiz," Adora reproved him. "You need never have plotted to take me away from Carlos."

"When I love you as I do?" said Luiz turning to her, his eyes passionately aglow.

"Love me?" Adora shrank from him a little. "How could you really love me to have done as you have, to have behaved so abominably both to Carlos and to me—?"

"Perhaps I deserve all your righteous anger, loveliest," laughed Luiz. "But you cannot altogether blame me. What man, with blood in his veins, could have done anything else? We Spaniards, anyhow, leave no stone unturned if we desire a woman. And you, sweetest of beautiful women—"

"Please..." interrupted Adora, laying slim fingers on his arm. "Let us leave it at that. At least, you have come between me and that odious brute, da Costa. I am even ready to forgive you everything if you will only take me back to Carlos."

"Back to Carlos?" Luiz raised his dark eyebrows, and shrugged his shoulders, laughing softly. "Of course I quite understand you would imagine that was my reason for being here, but—it is not."

"Not?" stared Adora, realizing that her earlier momentary doubts had some foundation. "But"—she added "—you said distinctly just now to that man that certain developments had made it necessary that Carlos should know I was alive."

"So I did. But that does not mean that I had any intention of returning you to Carlos. On the contrary."

"I don't understand —"

Adora was naturally puzzled, staring at him, the gold of her hair gleaming as her head moved in the lamplight.

"I will explain. Carlos, while admitting the possibility that you really may be dead, refuses most foolishly to accept the fact as definite, unless and until—to speak with what may seem brutal frankness, querida mia—he has seen your dead body."

"I believe that. I knew it already in my mind." Adora's eyes shone with a spiritual light. "I felt that Carlos would never believe that lie. Day and night, since I was taken from him, I have told him that I was alive. And I knew he must hear the message of my heart."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Between Two Evils.

DON LUIZ frowned impatiently over that simple exhibition of the faith which is said to remove mountains. It angered him because he was furiously jealous of Carlos. It startled him a little by its primitive strength. But that strength had to be broken. The need was imperative, and he set out to do his best in that direction.

"At any rate," he smiled, "your loss has not prevented him from turning for consolation to my little sister, Conchita. That was perhaps most natural. After all, he was in love with Conchita before ever he saw you."

"That is not true. Carlos has told me. He liked her—in a friendly way—"

"No doubt he told you that. What else could a man say, when he is talking to a second woman who has with her glorious beauty and seductive influence momentarily extinguished all memory of the first? However, what does that matter? Now that Carlos accepts so far your death, he has turned to the first woman—Conchita—again. He is prepared to marry her."

"That—I cannot believe—"

Adora shook her head defiantly.

"Believe it or not, I have stated the fact, loveliest," shrugged Luiz cynically. "The matter preventing that happy union is the uncertainty about your supposed death. He asks for absolute proof of that."

"Which shows, if your story is true, Luiz, that Carlos did love me," shrugged Adora in turn but pathetically rather than cynically.

Luiz regarded her seriously for a moment, and laid his hands on her shoulders.

"You sweet innocent!" he said. "Carlos loved you, for the moment, because no man could look on you without desire."

"You insult Carlos..." Adora

(Continued on Page 20)

FOREVER FREE from UGLY HAIRS

They can never grow again!

At last you may know the joy of an alluringly smooth and beautiful skin, forever free from the regrowth of ugly hair.

The Koremlu Cream Method is the guaranteed way to safely, easily and surely remove all superfluous hair permanently—from face, legs, arms and underarms.

Koremlu Cream so neutralizes the natural "feeding" of the hair and so [illegible] of the hair follicle that [illegible] growth [illegible] safely and easily [illegible]. The Koremlu Cream Method, used regularly for a definite period [illegible] directed, is backed by a signed [illegible] results you have always hoped for—the complete and permanent removal [illegible] superfluous hair—or money back. [illegible]

KOREMLU

for permanent hair removal

KOREMLU, INC. [illegible] W. 42d St., New York, N. Y. [illegible]

She thought:

"I'd dance all evening in spite of the heat—if only you were more careful about 'B.O.'"

Yet, to be polite,

She said:

"The show was great, but it's *far* too hot for dancing!"

She cut short their evening

... was 'B.O.' to blame?
(Body Odor)

GO home right after the show—the *early* show, too? No supper—no dancing afterwards as they had planned? Too hot, she *said*, but could there be another reason?

He didn't know then. *But he does now.* Knows, too, the easy way to overcome "B.O."—*body odor.* No more happy evenings spoiled—friendships broken—by this distressing fault. A simple safeguard now keeps perspiration odorless.

Hotter weather—take no chances

Don't trifle with "B.O." It's so easy for *anyone* to offend and not know it—especially these hot days when we perspire more freely. We quickly become used to an ever-present odor—don't notice it *in ourselves*—never dream it is annoying others. But it is!

Play safe! Make Lifebuoy your toilet soap—end all "B.O." danger. Lifebuoy's *extra* protection leaves you fresher—cleaner. Its creamy, abundant, gently antiseptic lather works its way into the pores—removes all dirt and impurities—banishes all odor. The pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies.*

Complexions all admire

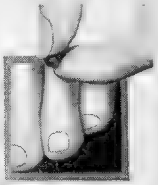
Clear, fresh, fine-textured, glowing with radiant health—that's the typical "Lifebuoy complexion!" Try this simple nightly treatment. Work Lifebuoy's bland, pore-purifying lather well into the skin. Then rinse away. See how quickly dull complexions freshen—coarsened pores regain normal fineness. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A product of LEVER BROTHERS CO., *Cambridge, Mass.*

NEW! *Lifebuoy* SHAVING CREAM

This double-dense lather shields tender spots—gives the quickest, slickest shave ever. *At your druggist's.*

Lifebuoy
HEALTH SOAP
—stops body odor—


Corns

Lift right Out!

FREEZONE does it! Puts the corn to sleep—deadens all pain—and soon makes it so loose in its bed of flesh that it lifts right out! Hard corns or soft all are quickly ended by FREEZONE. Calluses, too. Get a bottle at any drug store and walk and dance in comfort!

FREEZONE
ALL DRUGGISTS

NOW ~ *Nobody knows she had* **GRAY HAIR**

Smart girl! At the first sign of *gray* she learned about Mary T. Goldman's. Now, gray streaks can't make *her* look "older." Make test yourself. No risk. No expense. Just combing clear, water-white liquid through faded strands brings youthful color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Entirely SAFE. Won't rub or wash off. Hair stays soft, lustrous.

FREE TEST We send Complete Test Package FREE. Snip small lock from hair. Try first on this. No risk this way. Just mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
6044 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name ____________

Street ____________

City ____________ State ______

Color of your hair? ____________

MERCOLIZED WAX

Brings Out the Hidden Beauty

There is beauty hidden in every woman's face that Mercolized Wax will reveal. Mercolized Wax can make any complexion young and beautiful. The Wax melts into the pores and gently lifts off the aged and blemished surface skin that hides your true beauty. It clears away all such defects as freckles, tan and pimples. Mercolized Wax brings out the youthful, smooth, white underskin aglow with new life and beauty.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily as an astringent.

Good-looking? .. or almost?

Girls are often unnoticed who might easily be good-looking, attractive, sought after. They neglect *internal cleanliness.*

For poisons are at work — poisons the body has failed to remove — poisons that show in sallow skin, dull wits, lifelessness, lack of appeal.

Yet all this is so unnecessary! Internal cleanliness is easy. And the saline method with Sal Hepatica is an effective way to make sure of it.

How well smart Europeans know it! Continental watering places are filled with wealthy men and women who go there regularly for the "saline cure." And Sal Hepatica is the practical American equivalent of these spas.

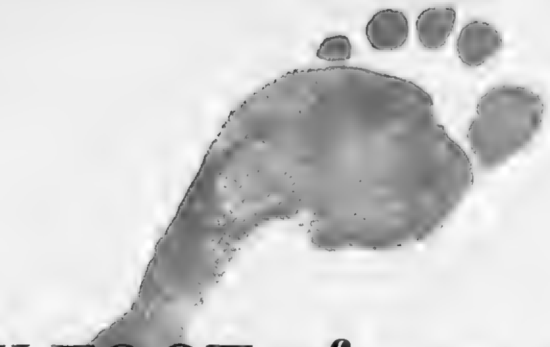
It cleans the bloodstream, frees the body of poisons. Your skin clears. You feel better, younger. And people find how attractive, how alert and alive, how charming you can be!

Try Sal Hepatica for a month.

SALINES for the Stout!

Dependable salines like Sal Hepatica are an almost indispensable aid in the reducing diet. Unlike many laxatives, they never have the tendency to make their users stout. In fact, the best medical opinion here and abroad highly commends them to those who are reducing.

Sal Hepatica



NASTY FOOT infection again sweeps U.S. *beware of* "ATHLETE'S FOOT" when you go on outings over the 4th

Peeling toes; skin cracks; unnatural moist skin condition may get serious

• • •

Check this infection with ABSORBINE JR. — *Take it in your outing kit*

YOU see it in the newspapers everywhere — Doctor at Harvard "Cites Disease Spread; Describes Athlete's Foot in Lecture," says the Boston Globe—"Warns Against Athlete's Foot," says the Sandusky, O., Register—"Athlete's Foot Infection Studied," announces the Chicago Examiner—"Athlete's Foot has come to be a commonly known condition," says the Scientific American.

At least 10,000,000 people are now infected with this unwelcome disease, according to many authorities. And it spreads like wild-fire—especially in the summer time. Nobody seems to be immune. Men, women and children—people who are very careful—suddenly find their toes itching, peeling, or cracking. You, yourself, may be wondering about an unwholesome, thick moist skin condition between the toes—or an itchy rash that does not yield to ordinary curative methods.

There are many different symptoms* for "Athlete's Foot" but it is now generally agreed that they are all caused by a tiny vegetable parasite known as *tinea trichophyton*. And it is mighty easy for *you*—your children—members of your family—anybody in any walk of life—to "catch" this disease, because these little parasites live and thrive by the billions in places that are *clean*. They swarm on the edges of shower baths and swimming pools—on the floors of bath houses, at bathing beaches—on locker- and dressing-room floors. And from all these places the germ of "Athlete's Foot" is tracked into countless homes. Even in your own spick-and-span bathroom this persistent little parasite can live and thrive, no matter how *clean* you keep floors and walls and mat. Wherever you walk barefoot, there *tinea trichophyton* can make itself a nuisance by infecting your feet.

So, wherever you go over the Fourth — when you mingle in crowds—when you go on outings and to the beaches and recreation places—there you will be meeting many who have "Athlete's Foot," even though they do not realize what it is, or how to get rid of it. Right now you, and millions of other holiday seekers, no doubt are making plans which will expose you to this ringworm germ and its nasty, embarrassing infection.

Now Science Has Proved that ABSORBINE JR. Kills this Germ

Here is a simple, safe and inexpensive way to check "Athlete's Foot" . . . to protect yourself against the ringworm germs on your holiday . . . and every day. For exhaustive laboratory tests have proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates flesh-like tissues deeply and that wherever it penetrates it KILLS *tinea trichophyton*, the germ of "Athlete's Foot." Clinical experience in actual cases, thousands and thousands of them, has verified this fact.

If you, like countless others, have already been pestered* with tiny, itching blisters between your toes, skin turning white or red, becoming moist and thick, or developing a scaly dryness . . . without knowing what ails you . . . then this is the very thing you want to know.

ABSORBINE JR
Absorbine Jr.
W. F. Young Inc.

Examine YOUR Feet Tonight

No need now for neglect . . . get after that threatening condition with Absorbine Jr. immediately. Examine your feet tonight. And don't be fooled by mild symptoms, because the germs attack slowly. But, once they become entrenched, serious complications often follow.

Read carefully the symptoms printed below. If you notice *any one* of them on *your* feet, use Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—morning and night, and after every exposure of bare feet to damp floors, even in your own home!

Arm yourself against this threatening condition . . . or against infection over the Fourth. Go to your druggist today and ask for Absorbine Jr. It is so widely known and used that you can buy it at drug stores for $1.25 a bottle. For free sample write

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
397 Lyman Street, Springfield, Massachusetts
In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal

*WATCH FOR THESE DANGER SIGNALS OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

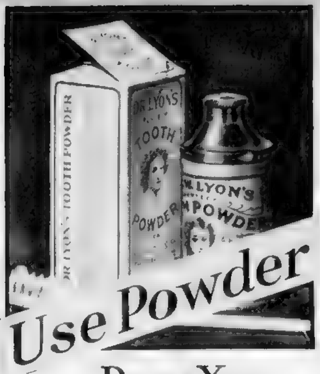
Ringworm, or "Athlete's Foot," attacks in several different ways, and is sometimes called "golfer's itch," "toe itch," or "swimming itch." It usually starts between the toes . . . by causing tiny itching blisters or toe-cracks, by turning the skin either red or white, by bringing on a moist, unpleasant thick skin condition, or by developing a scaly dryness. Don't take chances with a single symptom. If the case does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

Wonderful Relief for SUNBURN, too!

Here's a great way to enjoy sunshine health without the sunburn pain — douse Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after *every* exposure. You'll be amazed and delighted with the way it cools and soothes; takes out the sting; encourages a sun-tan coat of health. Don't let the first day's exposure ruin a big week-end. Use Absorbine Jr. during the day and you'll be able to enjoy the evening's fun. No unpleasant odor. Not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles. Take Absorbine Jr. with you wherever you go.

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS



Do as Your Dentist does—*when he cleans your teeth*

Powder Cleans and Whitens Teeth—as nothing else can

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white as POWDER. That is why your dentist [illegible] cleaning your teeth [illegible] always uses powder. [illegible] ALL POWDER [illegible] Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. It is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth paste.

Dull Teeth Become White

For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder because it simply [illegible] film coated when it is used. It consists of [illegible] and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

No Glycerine—No Grit

Being an ALL POWDER dentifrice Dr. Lyon's contains no glycerine therefore does not soften the gums. It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch or injure, the softest enamel as years of constant use have shown. Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Neutralizes Acids

In addition to cleansing it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH being many times as effective than Milk of Magnesia. Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay. Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's [illegible] your dentist periodically and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

Lasts Longer—Costs Less

Once you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed and your breath so sweet and pure. Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient but it costs only half as much to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

DR. LYON'S Tooth Powder

Fear Of Fear

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

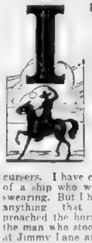
NORAH FALLON, beautiful musical comedy and [illegible] star, is being blackmailed by Harlan Grant, a fashionable medium and astrological adviser on business, horoscopes and love affairs of Hollywood notables. Grant, who is in love with Norah, threatens to use certain data of her past which have come into his possession to try to separate her from her fiancé, Dick Stoddard, a wealthy socialite.

Norah is consulting Jimmy Lane, author and amateur [illegible] and his friend Phil Carter [illegible] about her trouble [illegible] word [illegible] the medium has been discovered dead [illegible] his face [illegible] in an expression of terror.

Jimmy and Carter hurry to Grant's house on Russian Hill [illegible] of getting the envelope [illegible] the information about Norah's past from the medium [illegible] the other hand [illegible] continued ringing [illegible] the [illegible] man to the porch of the house next door.

CHAPTER IV.

Jimmy Lane Dissembles.



I HAVE heard some mighty fine samples of plain and fancy cursing in my day. I have listened to cow hands on the range. I have heard mule drivers in the Sierras that were accomplished cursers. I have even met a mate of a ship who won a medal for swearing. But I have never heard anything that remotely approached the horrible fluency of the man who stood looking down at Jimmy Lane and me from the next porch. There couldn't have been anything personal in his hatred.

From where he stood, we were only shadows in the surrounding blackness, and yet there was a reptilian malignancy, a cold diabolical passion in his tone that made it worse than physical violence.

The very sight of him was infinitely shocking; as he talked his face grew, not red, but blue and white, as though the blood had drained from his body into his words; his hands, which were grasping a gnarled cane, grew tense and claw-like. His whole body became, for the moment, inhuman and terrible.

For a moment his voice continued beating upon us in a frenzy of sound, then Jimmy stepped forward where the light from the street lamp fell upon him. He made no attempt to answer. Instead, he removed his hat and stood looking up in an attitude which I can only describe as meek. It was not until the other man stopped for breath that he spoke.

"I'm sorry if my ringing disturbed you," he said. "I came to see Mr. Grant and I was sure there must be someone in the house because there's a light."

There was a moment of silence, and I saw that the other was gathering himself together, endeavoring to regain his control. When he spoke his voice was still harsh but it was lower in tone.

"Didn't you know that Mr. Grant died last night?"

"Died!" Jimmy's face was so full of astonishment that he almost deceived me. "Oh, I'm sorry. Fearfully sorry. Do you suppose I've disturbed anyone in the house?"

"There's no one over there, but you've disturbed us abominably."

"What a shame!" Jimmy's voice was contrite, but I saw that the wretch was gradually edging his way toward the steps of the house next door. "I wonder if you could tell me where I can find Mr. Grant's family?"

"They live here," the man said ungraciously. "I'm Colonel Grant, his brother."

Instantly Jimmy was up the steps holding out his hand.

"I'm awfully glad to meet you, Colonel," he said. "I'm James Lane." I saw that the Colonel was impressed, by the way he took the outstretched hand and the change in his face. There was no chance for him to speak because Jimmy was hurrying on, "I wonder if you could give me a moment? I've something important to say."

The Colonel glanced around, a trifle helplessly. Jimmy was smiling at him and glancing suggestively toward the door, and the man was practically forced to capitulate.

"Oh all right. Only you'll have to be quick about it. We're pretty much upset."

"I understand. My friend and I will only take a moment of your time."

He nodded to me and I strode across the grass and followed them inside.

The house was a somber place, furnished with heavy Victorian furniture in mahogany and carved walnut, with tufted upholstery that looked as though it had been cast in iron. The entrance hall was narrow and dark, compressed between a stairway and a square, ugly room which resembled a New England parlor. Through hanging curtains of plum-covered velvet I could see a painted brick fireplace, surrounded by a half-circle of exactly placed, hostile looking chairs. There was nothing gracious about the room, nothing inviting, and I was thankful when the Colonel passed it by and led us to the end of the hall, where a sort of square cubby hole had been turned into a study. Here there was a flat-topped desk, a revolving chair and a window seat covered with monks cloth.

He dropped into the chair by the desk and motioned us to the window seat, then scowled interrogatively at Jimmy Lane. It was apparent that he already regretted admitting us, and I could scarcely blame him. What, I wondered, was Jimmy's game and how could he possibly explain his intrusion upon a house of mourning at such an hour? As usual, I had underestimated his fertile brain. We were no sooner seated than he plunged glibly into speech.

"I've come from the Occult Review," he informed the Colonel. "They have been very much impressed by your brother's work and want a series of articles about him."

Now that was technically a lie, of course, but it was the sort of lie that Jimmy could easily turn into the truth. The Occult Review, or any other magazine, for that matter, would be only too glad to get Jimmy's name attached to an article on any subject.

"The editor asked me to write an account of his researches," Jimmy went on. "Of course, at that time your brother was alive, but now, if you can possibly bring yourself to help, I think the articles might be a sort of memorial."

"I don't know..." The Colonel hesitated. "My brother and I never agreed about his work."

"Oh," Jimmy's voice was shocked. "I'm sorry to hear that! But perhaps he left notes? I could look over those."

The Colonel stiffened. Evidently the idea of turning Jimmy loose with his brother's papers did not appeal to him. Jimmy caught the expression too, and his voice became as dulcet and guileless as that of a cooing dove.

"Under your guidance, I mean, of course. We would write in collaboration—and I think you'd find it paid very well."

Instantly I saw that he had struck something. The Colonel's eyes narrowed and he pursed his lips.

"H'm," he said, "it would pay, would it? About how much?"

"That's hard to say. I usually get pretty fair money for my stuff, and we'd split fifty-fifty. That is, if you were really able to help, although from what you say—"

"Forget all that," said the Colonel crisply. "It's true I never had anything to do with his seances, but my brother used to talk to me pretty freely, and, of course, there're his notes..."

He seemed to go into a brown study, and when he roused himself it was not to make any definite answer. "I think we'd better let this all go over until tomorrow. My brother's death was very sudden, and, naturally, we're still upset by it. If you'll leave your telephone number I'll give you a ring in the morning."

He rose as he spoke, with an indication that the interview was at an end, and Jimmy was forced to take the hint. As we moved toward the hall we came face to face with someone who was descending the stairs. If you've read the newspapers lately you must have seen a picture of Chanda Steeb. Because of her relationship to Grant, the press made a good deal of her heroism in that mission-school fire. But no newspaper picture could do her justice.

I seem to remember saying something of that sort about Norah Fallon, but the two girls were as different as day and night. Where Norah was all light and sparkle, Chanda was a study in shadows. Her hair, which was very dark, was drawn away from her brow and coiled in a low knot at the back; her eyes were large and blue-gray with a quaint upward slant at the corners; her nose was long and slender and her mouth mobile, but with a rich sweetness in the curve of the lips. She was in the early twenties, I found later, but already there were tiny lines etched between her brows, and her dark hair showed a silver thread here and there at the temples.

She was dressed in a soft woolen fabric which was neither blue nor gray. It was high at the neck, banded with a strip of sheer white which gave her something the look of a deaconess. As she stood at the turn of the stair, regarding us with her faint, sweet smile, it suddenly struck me that she looked like one of those strangely beautiful girls in a Benda drawing, or one of the carved figures of the Virgin that one sees so often in Italy.

For an instant she hesitated, then the Colonel moved forward. "This is my daughter, Mrs. Steeb," he said. And to the girl, "Chanda, this is Mr. Lane, Mr. James Lane. He wishes to write some articles about your Uncle Harlan for the Occult Review."

Chanda came down the few remaining steps and held out her hand to Jimmy. When she spoke, her voice was low and held a certain husky sweetness.

"I'm afraid you've come at a bad time, Mr. Lane. We're still stunned by what's happened."

"Of course," Jimmy was contrite, "but I hope you'll persuade your father to let me go on with the articles. I'm sure I can do them if he'll give his permission."

She looked at him with an expression that I thought vaguely troubled.

"I think," she said, "I think it would be better just to let everyone forget his . . . work."

"Then you didn't believe in his spirits?" Jimmy asked, and she stepped back, flushing.

"No . . . no; I couldn't believe. It is quite contrary to my religion."

"My daughter was raised in a mission-school in India," the Colonel explained. "Naturally she has firm ideas on the subject."

He turned to her with a touch of roughness in his voice.

"Is there anything you want?"

"No." It seemed to me that she shrank away from him imperceptibly. "I came to fetch some broth for Otto. He's not so well this evening."

"Then don't let us keep you," said the Colonel brusquely. "These gentlemen are just leaving."

With a little smile at us she passed on down the hall, and the Colonel ushered us toward the door.

"You will hear from me tomorrow," he promised. "After I've had time to think over your proposition." He paused, then coughed. "I believe you said fifty-fifty?"

"Fifty-fifty," Jimmy agreed, and a moment later the door closed behind us.

Instead of walking toward the street Jimmy crossed the lawn and stood for a moment looking up at the house next door. The window above was still lighted although no shadow showed against the shade.

"Now I wonder—" he was beginning, then broke off, as Corrigan appeared from the street. The reporter was coming on the dead run, and almost barged into us in his excitement.

"That you?" he gasped. And, without waiting for reply, "Did you learn anything?"

"Lots," said Jimmy. "But I'm not sharing it."

"Oh, yes you are!" Corrigan's voice was shrill with excitement. "You'll be glad to swap it for the news I've got."

Jimmy capitulated.

"All right, spill yours first."

"O. K. It's this: after you left I dropped back to the office for my coat, and found the deuce a-popping. The boss had just got a straight tip from Headquarters about this case.

"They say this guy Grant didn't die a natural death...he was murdered!"

I felt Jimmy's hand clutch my arm, but his voice came out of the darkness with assumed calmness.

"That all you heard?"

"You bet your sweet life it isn't! The police are already hot on the trail of a suspect. Grant's servant let somebody in to see him late last night and one of the nuts from the seance hung around and heard 'em quarrelling like mad. Believe it or not, they both swear it was Dick Stoddard!"

CHAPTER V.

The Colonel Agrees.

THE trip from Russian Hill to Jimmy Lane's house was made in almost total silence. Both of us were thinking of the girl we had left in the study, and trying to find some ray of light in the situation to offer her. But the outlook was about as bad as it could be.

"It isn't as though Stoddard were a regular follower of Grant's," Jimmy pointed out. "In that case he might have some excuse for being with him at that hour. But from Norah's account I gather he'd never met the fellow before."

"Why do you think he went?"

"Heaven knows. I only wish we'd run across Norah sooner, then we might have been able to prevent . . . whatever happened."

"But you don't think Stoddard—"

"How can I think anything until I know more about it? You'd better stand by in case there's trouble when we break it to the poor kid . . . hysterics, I mean, or fainting."

But Jimmy had forgotten Norah's nationality. When he told her she neither fainted nor became hysterical; instead, her cheeks flushed and her fists clenched in as pretty a display of temper as I have seen.

"You mean to say they intend to drag Dick's name into the

(Continued on Page 19)

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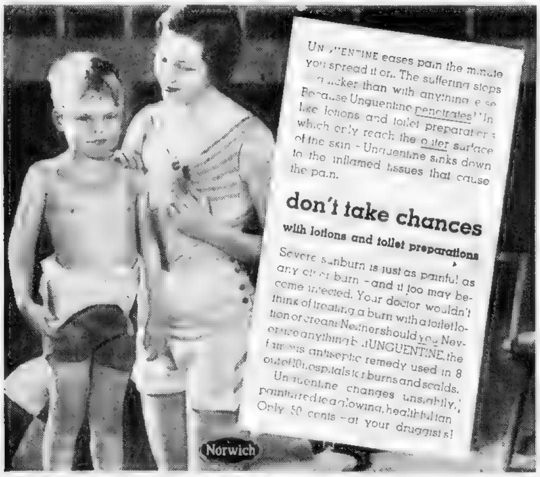

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Fear Of Fear

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 16)

thing?" she cried. "Why, it's outrageous!"

Jimmy was watching her closely.

"If you're talking about the police," he said, "you're a little hard on them. You think your young man is guilty yourself, you know."

That brought her up with a round turn

"What makes you say that?" she demanded. And, without waiting for a reply, "I suppose you mean the silly things I told you about those letters."

"No, that isn't what I mean I'm basing my theory on the fact that you lied about where Stoddard was last night. You said he was at Mt. Wilson while, all the time, you knew he was here."

For a moment I thought she was going to turn her wrath against him, then, suddenly, she nodded meekly.

"Yes; I might as well admit that I did. But you see ——"

"You needn't explain. After telling us about the mess you were in and your fear that Stoddard would do something desperate if Grant went to him, it was pretty much of a sock in the jaw for you to learn that Grant had died suddenly, especially when you knew your fiance had been in the city. By the way, how did you know it?"

"I found a message waiting when I got home last night. You remember I told you that I'd been to a picture after I left Grant? When I got back to the apartment I found Dick had called twice during the evening. The message said he'd flown up on some business and had to go back about midnight so he wouldn't be able to see me if I didn't get home before eleven. It was eleven-thirty when I got in, so we didn't make connections."

"Does he often fly back and forth?"

"Yes; often. Only, usually, I'm down in Hollywood and he flies down to see me."

There was silence for a moment; then she leaned forward and touched Jimmy's arm.

"Please, please, don't let what I said influence you. I feel as though I'd betrayed him."

Jimmy patted her hand.

"It's the best thing you ever did," he declared. "Don't get worked up over things. Corrigan's information may be all wet, and, anyway, he didn't say they were going to arrest Stoddard... just that he was heard talking with Grant around eleven-thirty. It'll take more than that to make them accuse a man of his standing." He arose to his feet and drew her with him toward the door. "The best thing you can do, my dear, is to let me send you home to catch up on your sleep. You can leave all the worry to us"

"You mean you and Mr. Carter are still willing to help?"

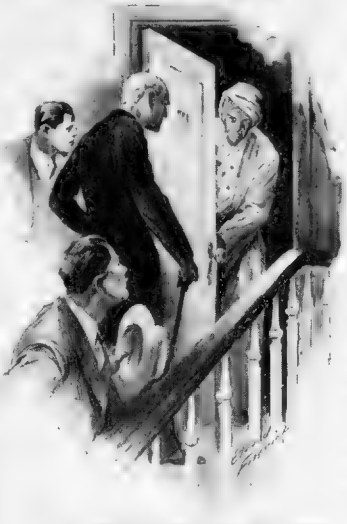
"You couldn't keep us out of it! I don't know exactly what we can do, but we'll begin by getting those papers."

"Papers!" She stared at him. "You don't suppose I'm thinking about my miserable little reputation when Dick's in danger?"

"It's not a matter of your reputation," Jimmy told her gravely "Don't you see? If the police find those notes they may regard them as a motive for Stoddard's killing Grant."

From where I stood I could see the horror in her eyes

"Of course! They're like a sword hanging over Dick's head!" Jimmy was helping her on with her coat and she looked up at him like a trustful little girl. "Oh,



We Saw That a Figure Was Standing Inside, a Fantastic Figure, Like Something From the Arabian Nights.

you will get them back for us, won't you?"

He nodded comfortingly and patted her shoulder.

"Don't worry; they're as good as in your hands right now."

But, after seeing her to the car, he returned to the study with a corrugated brow

"Now, how," he demanded, "am I going to make good on that fool promise?"

"I don't know," I told him dryly. "It's just possible the police may have something to say about those papers."

"Not if I find 'em first."

"I suppose you're thinking about the Colonel. Do you really expect him to swallow all that stuff you spilled about doing a series of articles on Grant?"

"That old skinflint would swallow anything that was buttered with gold Didn't you see his eye light up when I talked about fifty per cent of the proceeds?"

"Surely you don't intend to really write them?"

"I don't know," he was staring at the fire thoughtfully. "I've always gone on hunches, Phil, and there's something about this case that interests me. That phrase Norah gave us is responsible. You know the words Grant scribbled over her contract: 'fear of fear.' It's such a darn good phrase that I feel it's got to fit in somewhere."

"Then you're really going to take the thing up seriously?"

"Dead seriously. I've always yearned to poke around among spooks and spectres. Now's my chance."

"Very well," I sighed "I suppose I'll have to stand by, but I don't like the look of it."

"Neither do I," said Jimmy gravely, "I don't like the look of it at all"

* * *

When Friday called me at eight the next morning, Jimmy was already gone, from which I gathered he had affairs in hand that he preferred to transact without me. I went on down to my office and attended to routine business until two o'clock. My mind was naturally on the case so I was a trifle puzzled to find that the newspapers had nothing to say about Grant's death beyond a brief announcement of the funeral which was to take place the next day. I had just sent out for all the evening issues and was poring over them when Jimmy arrived. He saw them spread out on my desk and jumped immediately into an explanation.

"The police aren't sure yet," he said. "They post-mortemed last night, but the department doctors have disagreed and they're sending for experts."

"I suppose you've been to Headquarters?"

"Yes; I had breakfast with the Chief."

There was nothing surprising about that. Jimmy has been an intimate of the Police and Detective Departments since his cub reporter days and frequently wanders in and out of the offices. Since his rather remarkable work on the Lopez case, he has been consulted more than once by Captain Hemming, the Chief of Detectives.

"The old boy's by way of being upset," Jimmy continued "Seemed to want to tell his woes to someone."

"I suppose you confided in him in return?"

"I did not. My role was strictly that of listener He's up against a problem; the District Attorney's tied up just now at a conference in Washington and his assistant is sick. There's more or less rivalry between the police and the detectives and the Chief's determined if there's any gravy in this case he's going to get it. Same time, he doesn't want to rush in and make a fool of himself by yelling 'murder' if it's natural death, so he's sitting tight and keeping the papers quiet until he gets a full report from the doctors."

"Just what started the talk of murder?"

"The undertaker. He let out the information that the death looked phony. It got to Headquarters and they investigated, on general principles. Dr. Waverly, Grant's own physician, reported that he died from hemorrhage, all right, but he called it 'cerebral' when he should have said 'subdural.'"

"What difference does that make?"

"A lot; 'cerebral hemorrhage' is apoplexy; 'subdural' means that it was caused by a blow on the head. Dr. Waverly forgot to mention that there's a bad fracture at the base of Grant's skull."

"But why should he keep quiet about it?"

"He says it was because he believed the fracture was caused by Grant's fall after the stroke. It seems he was looking for trouble of some sort and had already warned Grant he was due for a blow up. So when he found him lying dead he just did a sort of nice, professional 'I told you so' and reported natural death. The Chief thinks he's perfectly sincere, but they've called in a couple of experts, just the same. While he's waiting for their report you and I are to go out and see the Colonel."

"You don't mean you're going to bother him now?"

"I do. The Chief's in a tight place. He doesn't want to make a move until the doctors decide whether or not it's murder, but he's tickled to death to have me take a look around, ex-officio. I've made him understand my interest in the case is purely scientific. I've been impressed by the yarns I've heard about Grant's pet spooks and I want to look into the matter from that angle."

"Just where do I come in?"

"You're my assistant. You'll have to ask the Colonel lots and lots of intelligent questions about his brother, and put all his answers down neatly in a notebook. That ought to keep him busy while I go through the papers."

"You actually expect to see the Colonel?"

"I certainly do. He phoned this morning that he'd be glad to do the articles. He thought they would be a touching testimonial . . . so long as it was strictly fifty-fifty"

The Colonel was waiting when we reached the top of the hill, not in his own house, but in Grant's. From the calmness of his mien I gathered that no hint of the suspicions at Headquarters had reached him as yet.

"I'll take you up to the seance room," he said. "All my brother's things are there and we're not so likely to be disturbed"

We passed through the second floor, which evidently contained only bedrooms, and mounted a stairway leading to the third. At the top there was a small railed landing before a closed door. Lay it to nerves if you like, there was something about that stairway and door which sent a cold chill down my spine. Perhaps it was the fact that I knew it led to the room where a man had died, perhaps it was a faint premonition of what was to happen later. In any event, I hated the place, and hated Jimmy Lane for dragging me there.

As we reached the landing, the Colonel put out his hand to the door, but before he could touch it the thing swung open of itself. For an instant even Jimmy look startled. Then we saw that a figure was standing inside, a fantastic figure, like something from the Arabian Nights. It was a brown-black man, preternaturally tall and thin, with a high turban and long garments that just escaped his feet. He was standing absolutely immovable, his hands in his sleeves, only his eyes darted over us, as though they were alive and eager—inside of a carven image

The Colonel gave a quick, angry exclamation, then, "This is Singh," he explained "He helped my brother with his seances Later he may be able to give you some information"

He turned on the fellow and spoke gruffly.

"You don't need to go on wearing that heathenish outfit. There won't be any more seances"

Singh bowed. His cultured voice, singularly free from accent except in the case of a few long vowels, was startling, somehow, coming from his black face

"Yes, sar. It is just as you say"

"It had better be as I say, you black ape!" the Colonel growled "What are you doing up here anyway?"

"Miss Chanda told me to put the room in order."

"You tell Miss Chanda that I'll give any orders that are necessary about this room, and after this, keep out of it. D'you understand? If I catch you up here again except when I call, I'll kick you downstairs."

The Colonel's face was growing pale again and the veins were showing blue on his forehead; his hands were tightening about the handle of his cane, and I thought for a moment he would lose control over himself. But Singh was evidently used to his tempers for he bowed composedly, with no change of expression, and turned toward the door. A moment later he was gone. He didn't exactly go up in a puff of smoke like a genii in a fairy tale, but his departure was so quick and so silent that he might have vanished into thin air. The Colonel turned back to us a trifle apologetically.

"Rummy chap," he said. "Always gets on my nerves."

"Was he with your brother long?" Jimmy inquired.

"Over twenty years. He was all right in India, but this country has ruined him He's been getting above himself, and I don't intend to put up with it." He dismissed the subject with a quick motion of his hand "Suppose we get down to business. All the stuff of Harlan's that could help us is in this room He used to spend practically all his time here."

There was a certain callousness in his voice, and he spoke with no trace of emotion; evidently there had been no close affection between himself and his brother.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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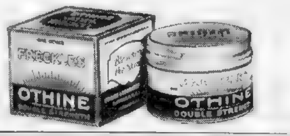

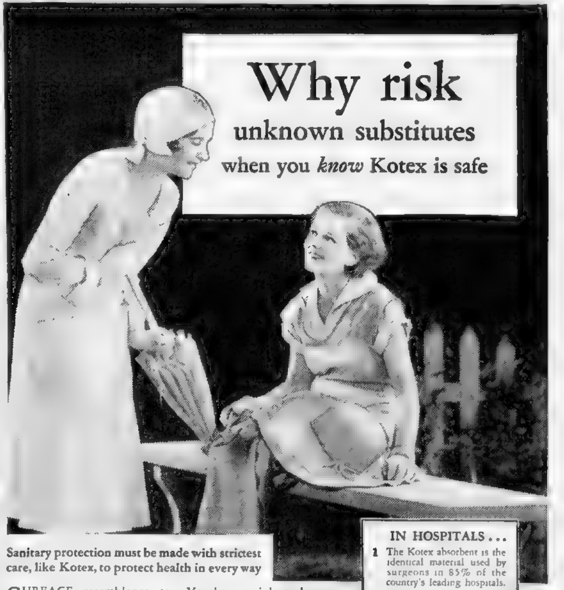

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Lava Love—by Inez Castello

(Continued from Page 16)

was indignant. "He was making me his wife. That is not the way with men such as you mean."

"Such innocence!" Luiz looked sad. "Tell me, querida. Do you not really understand why Carlos proposed to marry you? It is simple enough. You were left in his house, and your reputation in his hands. My sister and I arrived, and he pretended to be your husband. The pretence was discovered. He felt himself, as any honorable man would have done, compelled to turn that pretence into reality to save your good name."

"No . . ." Adora removed her smooth shoulders from his hold. "Carlos loved me. I cannot believe anything else."

"It does not matter what you believe . . ." Luiz was impatient and almost angry, too. "The situation is this: It is essential that Carlos should marry Conchita——"

"Because Conchita and you want his money!" interrupted Adora with such a flash of contempt as made the other cringe.

He recovered and laughed cynically.

"That is quite true. I will not beat about the bush, as you English say. Conchita and I need that money very badly. We needed it when we came here and found you, beautiful and alluring, coming between Conchita and Carlos. Well, we are obliged to prevent that from happening. At all costs we must prevent it. And so you are here, supposed to be dead."

"A lie which, you admit, Carlos does not believe!"

Adora's lips curled scornfully, and her backward flung little imperious head flamed in the lamplight. Don Luiz, at this moment, was trying not to realize her beauty so much as to concentrate on the serious side of his mission.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "Conchita and I have agreed with him in that. Unable to provide for him adequate proof that your death is real, we have been forced to suggest an alternative."

"And that—?"

"It was quite possible you had purposely misled everyone into the belief that you had been drowned, whereas——"

"Whereas?" echoed Adora.

"You had no real wish to be married to him, and—well, you had run away and hidden yourself until such time as you could leave the island."

"Carlos would never—never believe that!" Adora held her head high.

"He would—if he had it in writing from you."

"Not even then—"

"You are wrong. He has promised it to Conchita. He has said to her that, if he only hears from you that you went away sooner than become his wife—then he will understand and—he will marry Conchita, as he really wishes to do."

"So?"

Adora regarded Luiz from lash-shuttered eyes, in which ardent faith and subtle doubt fought for mastery. She was certain, and yet uncertain. The certainty impelled a sudden question.

"If Carlos really wished to marry Conchita," she demanded, "why should he worry at all about me, whether I really am dead, or why I left him as you suggest?"

"Because you were left on his hands, and Carlos is an honorable man. He feels himself responsible for you."

"If he really wished to marry Conchita," said Adora conclusively, "he would marry her first and think about me afterwards."

"I cannot argue . . ." Luiz rasped, fretful and eager to secure the purposes of his mission. "The fact is that I am here to secure from you in writing, querida mia, that proof which we need to make Conchita his wife."

"Then you may make up your mind that I shall not give you the proof."

"Will you not?"

Don Luiz flung out that question, studying Adora's attitude of utter defiance, her slim shape aquiver, the angry surge of her breast, the clenched, white hands of her, the color that seared her cheek as if it had been branded, while her eyes burned like twin fires. He could not but admire her stubborn independence. He was hungry to possess her, but that had to wait. His moment would yet come, or he hoped that it would.

Meantime, circumstances forced him to think less of such a prospect than of those stern necessities which involved the success of his sister's plan. He was forced to think less of Adora's desirable beauty than of the very necessary wealth of Don Carlos. In this moment he was called upon to harden his heart and stem the flow of those passionate emotions aroused by Adora's defiant loveliness.

"Then there is only one alternative," he said grimly, forcing the issue, believing that her defiance would be short-lived when she saw him to be firm. He shrugged airily.

"You can surely quite easily conceive what that alternative must be?" he added. "If you have not run away from Carlos, then you must be dead, and he must have proof that you are dead, that—in some way—you were drowned."

"How can he have that proof when—I am alive?" asked Adora, with a sudden shrinking both of spirit and body as she studied the averted face of Don Luiz and puzzled over the tone of his voice.

He answered her.

"Proof Carlos must have, one way or the other, little one. And surely you will not drive me into a corner? Surely, too, you can see my meaning? So far as Carlos is concerned you must either be proven dead, or you must write that letter——"

"The letter would be a lie—"

"What is a lie where your life is concerned?"

"You mean, Luiz . . ." Adora took a step nearer to him in her sudden horrified understanding. "Either I must write that lying message to Carlos, or—I am to be killed?"

He nodded. She shrank from him.

"You — can't really mean that?"

Actually, he did not; but he had to pretend that he did, believing that the bluff would succeed.

"I certainly do mean it," he said. "But—just as certainly—you will not drive Conchita and me to this extremity. What a little, after all, we ask of you! A few lines to persuade Carlos that you never want to see him again. And afterwards—"

"Afterwards?" echoed Adora as he remained silent.

"Your future, querida mia, shall be my care. Whatever you ask, you shall have. I will establish you on the mainland with every comfort. I will make you my wife, lavish on you every tenderness—"

"So—that is it?" Adora's eyes had narrowed and were like little slits of fire, her face white and her lips tense. "This is all a lie, invented by you for your own purposes?"

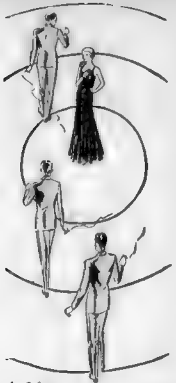
"There is no lie about it. I am making you an offer——"

"I refuse it. You hear me, Luiz, I refuse it. I belong to Carlos, and nobody else. If I ever did write such a letter as you ask, it would only be if I knew that Carlos really wished to be free from me. And then—I could have nothing at all to do with you. My future would be my own affair entirely. I would go back to my own country."

"Very well . . ."

Luiz could see that he had gone too far. Primarily, he wanted

(Continued on Page 22)



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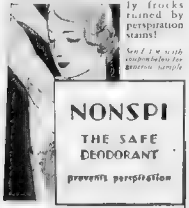

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Secrets of London's Most Notorious Night Club

(Continued from Double Page)

man was introduced to me and we danced together. He danced well and I was rather disappointed when he said to me:

"Oh, I must go and look up my father in the telephone book."

I didn't quite understand at that moment why he should want to look up his father's telephone number, but I sent for the directory. He hunted through it.

"Ah yes, here it is," he said. And he pointed to a name. "Sir Andrew ——, Bart.," he read in a loud voice. I found out later that that was a trick of this youth's and that his father had just succeeded to the baronetcy by sheer accident as several cousins had all died and he came in as next, though distant, relative. But the young man was terribly thrilled about it.

On another occasion, I found myself dancing with a young man with a wooden leg. It was rather a difficult affair and we discussed it so much that we became quite close friends. Then he told me while we were sitting talking that he was the Marquis of Anglesey. I can't say that I was tremendously impressed with the fact one way or another, because at our clubs, especially the Little, we had all sorts of titled people as regular visitors. Not even the fact that the Marquis of Anglesey was brother-in-law to the celebrated Lady Diana Duff Cooper evoked any enthusiasm in me. But a few nights later, a friend of this man came down and said:

"Poor John, he's having a lot of trouble with his leg again, I believe."

"Do you know the Marquis of Anglesey very well?" I asked him.

"Yes, pretty well," he said. "Why do you ask? Oh, of course, you know John is some kind of distant relative of his on his mother's side, I suppose."

Probably that wooden leg had given him an inferiority complex and he could not resist borrowing and wearing his relative's title whenever he thought people would believe it. And so even the Marquis of Anglesey has a snob among his relatives. On lucky occasions people with the very highest titles can be easily approached and even captured by strange commoners. I saw a case of this one evening that because of what followed astonishes me every time I think of it.

I was dining in the Berkeley restaurant and the Duke of Westminster happened to be at the next table with a middle-aged woman. He especially was talking rather loudly and I couldn't help overhearing the conversation.

"Aren't you ever going to get married again?" said this woman to the Duke.

"What's the use?" said 'Bend Or' (Golden Band), as the Duke is nicknamed. "All the decent-looking girls I know are no use for giving me an heir. The modern girl, with her narrow hips and no chest is no good as mother and if I marry again it will be for an heir."

"I know a girl who would be exactly the right wife for you," said the Duke's companion. "She is attractive and she is not modern in the sense you are talking about."

"Huh, some frump, I suppose," said the Duke as he sipped his champagne.

"Not a frump at all," said the lady. "She's a very attractive creature and she's in this very room now."

Naturally I sat up all attention as the Duke said, "Where?"

"Over at that table in the corner," said his companion, and she indicated the place." "Her name is Loelia Ponsonby and I'll introduce you to her if you like."

The introduction was made, and, of course, you know what a fuss there was about the romantic proceedings surrounding the third marriage recently of the Duke of Westminster and Miss Loelia Ponsonby. And in that practical, matter-of-fact way was made the outstanding match of the season. A woman recommended a young lady as well qualified to produce an heir for a Duke who said he needed one, quite as one might recommend a painting or a horse. The Duke had gotten up, inspected the candidate for Duchess, decided she would do and proposed.

One of the ways snobs use to ingratiate themselves with the aristocracy is to affect the same hobbies and vices. A ludicrous example of this involved the late Avery Hopwood. Of course, Hopwood had no title and was not of the aristocracy. But he was rich, mingled with the aristocrats and was famous as America's most successful playwright and therefore well worth toadying to as a stepping stone to higher personages. With this in mind, one evening at the bar of the 43 Club, a college boy decided to force his way into Avery's acquaintance and took a truly surprising way to do it.

It was rather generally reported that the American dramatist had for some time become a snow (cocaine) addict. They say he tried to induce Tallulah Bankhead to go in for "snow" as an experience she ought to know, but the American actress was not curious enough. Dope addiction seems to be the only explanation for his suicide by drowning in the sea at Juan-les-Pins.

You can imagine how we all started when this callow youth, in town for a night or two from Oxford, turned quite frankly to Hopwood and said in his carefully acquired Oxford dialect, which is so hard for Americans and even many Englishmen to understand, and said:

"Oh, I say, I'm most awfully keen to try some dope. Can you put me on to someone where I can get what I want?"

Avery Hopwood looked at him for a moment critically. We all waited silently to hear what he would say. Then at last:

"Yep. I think I can put you on to a drug store round the corner that will give you what you want."

"Really," said the youth excitedly, "will he really give me what I want?"

"Sure," said Avery. "Just ask for Carter's Baby Milk, that's what you want." And he turned his back on the college boy.

Late one night the head waiter of our 43 Club telephoned me that a considerable party there wanted to come over to the Little Club if it would not be too late. When he mentioned that Lord H. was in the party that settled it, for I knew him well as a regular patron. But when the party arrived, Lord H. seemed to have dropped out on the way. This seemed strange, but as nobody volunteered an explanation I thought it just as well not to ask.

After a while our head waiter, Bernetti, who knew every notable in Europe, came to me with a smile and said that the tall young man had taken him aside and whispered:

"Don't call me Lord H."

"Ah, no, me Lord," said Bernetti, but as he thought the youth only meant him not to obey, and intended that the waiter should use his title, he did in fact address the young man as "Me Lord" once or twice.

Then Bernetti said to me:

"What for should I call him Lord H.? I know Lord H. ver' well."

Two nights later, the same youth came in again with a well-known peeress and her husband and he joined the club. But he signed the book as "John Dare." He came later to the office and asked me if I would give him a blank cheque form. While I was looking for one, I accidentally upset a number of returned or "dud" cheques, of which I may say we had always quite a lot.

One of them was for $50 from a cheery young Earl, who was always in hot water over money and at war with his trustees. It was marked "Not sufficient funds." John Dare picked it up.

"Well, well, well. Dreadful. My good pal, Lord ———. I say, Miss Meyrick, I'll settle this at once so that my friend, ——— doesn't get into trouble." He made out a cheque for the ten pounds and gave it to me.

I thought he must know Lord ———, as his lordship moved in a very Bohemian and sporting set. A few nights later I happened to be talking to the young Earl himself when John Dare passed through the lounge. But there was no recognition between the man who posed as Lord H. and young Lord ———. Then I told Lord ——— what had happened and how his dud cheque had been paid off. He was at first incredulous and then he roared with laughter and said he had never heard of the man in his life.

"I say, do introduce me to the stranger who pays off my debts," he said. And so I brought together the young hard-up Earl and the man who had posed to impress me and other people with the fact that he was on intimate terms of friendship with many of the aristocracy. I made no reference to the paying of the cheque when I introduced them. Neither did John Dare.

But from that night he visited the club regularly with young Lord ———, who had just then had a bigger quarrel than usual with his trustees. He had made a present of a motor car to a certain lady of the stage and the bill for it was proving a pretty stiff problem for him to solve.

Lord ———, being a jovial, careless youth, allowed Dare to trot him around for some time to expensive restaurants, race tracks, theatres and all. Dare was repaid for the expense by the satisfaction he got from strutting into cocktail bars and asking loudly:

"Has my friend, Lord ———, been here today? No? Tell him I was looking for him, will you?"

Finally he got to snatching a telephone whenever he had an audience, calling his lordship's house, addressing him as "dear boy" and engaging him in long and pointless conversations. This got to be such a nuisance that it put an end to that bit of snobbery.

I have often noticed that boasters are the most careless kind of liars. One evening Dare informed me that he was really very wealthy and a baronet, but could not claim the title yet because it was left to him in a will which had not been proved. That was a silly mistake to make because he ought to have known that no title is left in a will. A man succeeds as next male heir or not at all, and that night he made another stupid blunder, announcing:

"I am going to shoot tomorrow with Lord Grosvenor, the Duke of Westminster's son, you know, at his place in Norfolk."

It was right at this time that this same Duke, as I have already said, was planning wedding a third time because he had no son.

Bernetti, our head waiter, who overheard this, with one side of his face a graven image and the other a slow wink to me, remarked quietly:

"You will, I 'ope, sir, send us a brace of grouse."

"Certainly," said Dare. And sure enough the grouse arrived four days later. I enjoyed one for supper.

Next night Lord —— came in.

"Have you seen John Dare recently?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes, I went to the grocer's in Piccadilly with him yesterday to buy a brace of grouse he said he had promised Bernetti. Did he get them?"

After that, Dare went "the whole hog." He hired a suite of rooms at the Metropole Hotel, Brighton, the coast resort about fifty miles from London, and kept two big cars to take him to and fro. They cost him over $500 a week. He took a huge suite at the Ritz, where he entertained everybody and anybody who had a title.

He played golf at Brighton once with the Duke of Leinster, whose wife, a former Gaiety girl, figured in an "attempted suicide" recently and was later divorced by the Duke. For months Dare talked of "his friend the Duke of Leinster."

He invited the young Earl whose dud cheque he had paid off to go down to Brighton to stay as his guest and then, each time Dare went up to Town, he would telephone to the Metropole Hotel and a page would come with a message to Lord ——, "Sir John Dare, Baronet, on the telephone, sir, to speak to the Earl of—— " That went on until the young peer, who got fed up, refused to go to the telephone merely to gratify Dare's desire to impress people in London that he was on intimate terms with an Earl.

Finally the crash came and Dare's trustees brought about a voluntary bankruptcy and he was sent to a job in the Malay States. He had been brought almost to poverty through sheer snobbery and through wishing to spread it about that he had hobnobbed with titled people.

The late Lord Loughborough, son and heir of the Earl of Rosslyn, was a cheery, good-natured soul who made a mess of his life through his generosity and easy-going nature and eventually he died by falling from a window.

He told me one time at the Little Club that a certain alderman (a town council dignitary) in the Provinces had got in touch with him and had proposed to him that he should come to a dinner party given by the alderman's wife.

"Your fee, my Lord, will be $2,500."

"I took it," Lord Loughborough told me laughingly, "because you see my pal Sammy T. was in a devil's own mess with a money-lender and I was able to get him out of it with this 'monkey.' (Sporting slang for £500 or $2,500). In any case I made that party go all right and I think I earned it."

Now my own husband, Lord Kinnoull, was once offered $20,000 to spend the week-end at a north of England magnate's estate. A woman who was a keen rival of the magnate's wife had had a baronet the previous week-end. So the magnate proposed to go one better and invite a "real live earl." This was before my husband and I were married.

Lord Kinnoull met the man in London and his intending host turned out to be such a decent sort of individual—it was the wife who indulged in the snobbery—that he accepted the invitation and went up without taking any payment at all for his services. It was the fact that he was so tremendously tickled at the whole suggestion—which to his very unsnobbish mind was something quite novel — that made him go as much as anything else. He still chuckles at the recollection.

It is, however, the women of the middle classes who are the greatest snobs. After the European war, the whole of the social system in England changed. A class of people who had suddenly made pots of money during the war sprang up and the wives craved to enter society, with the big S.

To know a baronet's wife first; then to get their husbands made baronets; after that viscounts, earls, marquises and dukes were their goals.

I know of one American woman who came over here with two daughters. She was a distant relative of the Van Raaltes, who, I am told, are a well known and highly respected family in New York. This woman got in touch with a certain hard-up baronet's wife and was introduced to one of those gambling dens that I have already written about.

She played for some days against a certain Countess and though she might easily have won, being a better player than the Countess, she lost steadily in order to establish a friendship that might lead to her two daughters being introduced to titled people. She lost about $10,000 altogether to the Countess. But when she invited the Countess to come to dine with her

(Continued on Page 22)

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Lava Love—by Inez Castello

(Continued from Page 20)

that letter. Afterwards, so far as he was concerned, Adora's independence could be broken without much trouble. Very quickly, but with a clever note of sincerity, he continued.

"You shall go back to your own country, querida mia," he said, shrugging. "I promise you that. If you are indeed so much in love with Carlos that I find no attraction in your lovely eyes—well, I am as honorable as Carlos. I would not unduly thrust myself upon you. See. . ."

He moved towards the window which overlooked the town and the sea-front, which shimmered white in the moonsheen. He beckoned her to his side, and pointed to where—in the harbor—a weather-worn old sea-tramp swung at her moorings.

"Write me that letter to Carlos," he said, "and you shall be taken at once on that boat, which leaves tonight for the mainland. From there you will easily obtain a passage to your own country, and the means shall be provided for you—"

"No . . ."

Adora shook her golden head emphatically and turned away from the window.

"You waste time, Luiz. Whatever happens to me," she said, "I will never lie to Carlos."

He stared at her, stupified and morose, his face suddenly twisted with malice. He had not expected this stubborn and, to him, stupid defiance. It threatened the desperate needs of his sister and himself, their dire straits demanding the open purse of Don Carlos. He seized Adora by the shoulders, brutally, ferociously.

"You will not?" he hissed, as does a snake when confronted by danger. "We will see. Either you do as I say, or——"

"Or?" asked Adora calmly, although inwardly she was far from calm.

He laughed.

"I will make you realize that you are in my power. I shall have my will of you, and then—I shall leave da Costa to see to you. The money that might—if you wished—take you to your own country will go into the pocket of da Costa. Do you want me to leave you with him?"

"You would leave me with that brute?"

Adora chilled, scarcely able to believe her own ears, but realizing suddenly that her refusal to meet the demand of Don Luiz presented her with more serious consequences than she had at first imagined. She was confronted by a choice of two evils, as Don Luiz confirmed quite definitely in answer to her question.

"You force me to it, Adora, and I must have that letter from you—or that regrettable but positive proof of your sad decease—by drowning. If it must be the last—well, da Costa must arrange for it. He, no more than Conchita and I, can risk the vengeance of Carlos by letting you go free and alive from here, perhaps to tell Carlos the true story of your abduction and our share in it."

"Supposing I do not ever see Carlos again?" urged Adora eagerly. "Supposing I go back to England and promise never to tell him the truth ——?"

"In that case," laughed Don Luiz, seeing here at last more progress in the direction of his plan, "why should you obstinately refuse to leave that simple but very necessary letter behind you? If you are willing never to see Carlos again, why should you not write to him and tell him so, giving as a reason that you did not really wish to be his wife?"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Secrets of London's Most Notorious Night Club

(Continued from Page 21)

at the Carlton Hotel, that lady excused herself on the plea of being so very full up with engagements through the season.

It is really a curious fact—and in my experience it is a fact—that the two greatest Republics in the world—the United States and France—show the greatest snobbery of any countries and they are the keenest title worshippers. I suppose it is because they have none in their own dominions. I don't know how many Americans I have met in England or on the Continent who insist on it being known that they are either "Judge So and So" or "Colonel" Something or other. And where else but in the States could you find a case like that of the man who described himself at Palm Beach as "Lord Duprez" and got away with it and had a glorious time for some months? Certainly not in England.

Not so very long ago, a man named Johnson who was a very wealthy contractor, wanted a title. He took over and reconstructed an exceedingly smart club, Grafton Galleries, in Bond Street, for $150,000 and his whole idea was to use it to get in touch with titled and influential people in Society.

He went there every night in his role of owner (he had, of course, a manager there) and he gave out invitations galore to people to come and dine with him. He wanted particularly of course to have the Duke of This and the Earl of That as his guests. But soon it became known about the haunts of the West End that he was entertaining "regardless," and there swooped down on the Grafton Galleries all those hangers-on, parasites, and shady characters who somehow manage to live in the luxury haunts of the West End without having "any visible means of support."

The club became in fact the rendezvous of semi-crooks and men and women who live by their wits. It was from among this type that a little knot arose and put a scheme to Mr. Johnson one evening that they could manage to get him the title he coveted. "A certain sum of course would be required."

He parted with $50,000. Then matters dragged on and at last, becoming impatient and seeing no return for his money, he made inquiries at the headquarters of the political party then in power.

He explained to someone there in the office that "he had come to see about his title. He had paid for it and he wanted to know when it was forthcoming."

"But, my dear sir," said the man whom he saw. "We don't hand out titles across the counter like pounds of tea. Besides, I know nothing at all about this matter."

Mr. Johnson then made further inquiries and he found that "there was nothing doing" in the title line so far as that particular transaction was concerned. Whereupon, he put the affairs into lawyers' hands and brought an action in the Law Courts for the return of the money which he had paid over.

I remember one evening at the "43 Club" Lord Torrington—(his wife's financial affairs have just come before the courts in London, for after running a racing stable in Wiltshire, with Steve Donghue, the famous jockey, as her adviser, she has become bankrupt) came in. He was not quite certain whether he would go downstairs or not, but at last he went.

No sooner had he done so than a party of Americans came in. They, too, debated a moment whether they would go down. Just at that moment, a skilful piece of stage management on the part of the head waiter caused one of the staff to call out loudly, "His Lordship's breakfast is ready." No more hesitation on the part of the Americans. They paid their entrance fees.

And they dropped into the club, no doubt feeling that it was worth while paying the money in order to watch, and to eat alongside a live peer of the Realm who was having his breakfast.

In my own personal experience I know of some of the most beautiful and distinguished women in England being driven to all sorts of extremities through their losses in the luxury dens of London, and I shall tell you in my next chapter of a number of them.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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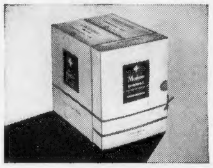

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By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

PERHAPS the bride is inexperienced in household ways, or again she may be a veteran hand with the cooking pots, having served an intensive apprenticeship in her own large family. But in either case she may be a bit confused at first when called on to do cooking just for two. For at first the person used to ordering a 7-pound leg of lamb, a whole turkey, or half a ham, is bewildered when she is faced with buying a piece of meat small enough to suit a dinner for two.

But it is all a question of planning and marketing, rather than of cooking. The real job is being able to select the right cut, the right amount of vegetable, and the proper sized package to suit the kitchenette family.

Small-quantity cooking, too, has many advantages, especially the fact that it permits many real delicacies at a low cost. That is, two persons can live high when the same standard of table would be out of the question if served to four, six or more.

Again, the kitchenette meal should be a short and easy one, especially in the hot Summer. This is the best of all seasons in which to start nesting, because so many delicious dishes may be served cold, may be cooked with chill, or consist largely of light grills, salads and plenty of fruit.

Let us start with the meats. Instead of the large and typical family roast, the bride may select these cuts.

Delmonico steak—2 pounds boned and roasted.

Veal, lamb of pork from the loin—4 chops cut in one piece and roasted.

Ham slice near shank end—2 pounds and baked.

Veal slice—1½ inches thick and baked.

Lamb ribbed chops—6 cut together and made into small crown roast.

Lamb kidneys—grilled.

Sweetbreads—baked or en casserole.

Liver, beef or calf—saute or baked.

Lamb or veal leg slices—cut thin, stuffed and rolled like "birds."

Small hamburger roast sandwich—layer of onions between.

Shell fish of all types and fish fillets.

Now with vegetables, of course there is the universal and popular can. But in Summer surely the bride will wish to use as many fresh vegetables as possible, even though she frequently relies on the new "can for two" size of many foods seen in the modern market.

Suppose Friend Husband likes cabbage—there would be no need to buy the usual large family head, but instead a tiny new cabbage, or better, a box of brussels sprouts which will give the same flavor, but in a miniature form which requires only fifteen minutes cooking.

Popular vegetables should be cucumbers, and Summer squash, both of which are delicious when sliced crosswise, dipped in batter and easily fried; mushrooms, of course, very reasonable under the two-portion plan; artichokes, asparagus and all the green salad plants. Tomatoes, too, offer such variety, that whether raw in salads, stuffed as the familiar surprise, or fried with a cream gravy, they should be on the bride's first aid shelf every day.

Two cooking methods which should be frequently relied on by the new housekeeper are broiling on a skewer and casseroling in glassware which can be brought direct to the table. The first method, en brouchette, is delightfully sophisticated, flavorful and happily economical. There is no end of combinations of bacon rolls, tomatoes and squares of beef or lamb, oysters and bacon, kidneys on the spit, etc. If the bride boasts, and she should, a one-burner top range oven, she can evolve miniature copies of the famous French casserole dishes, especially adapted to "built for two" needs.

In packaged goods and in cans, there has been a marked effort on the part of the manufacturer to answer this need for light-housekeeping. Practically every familiar brand of food product now comes in the small container, and it will surprise any new housekeeper to see the many, many varieties of canned fruits and vegetables now packed in the 1 or even the ½ size can. No need to buy enough tomatoes, corn or asparagus, or canned fish for the entire family, when a little questioning will bring forth the package every bride is seeking.

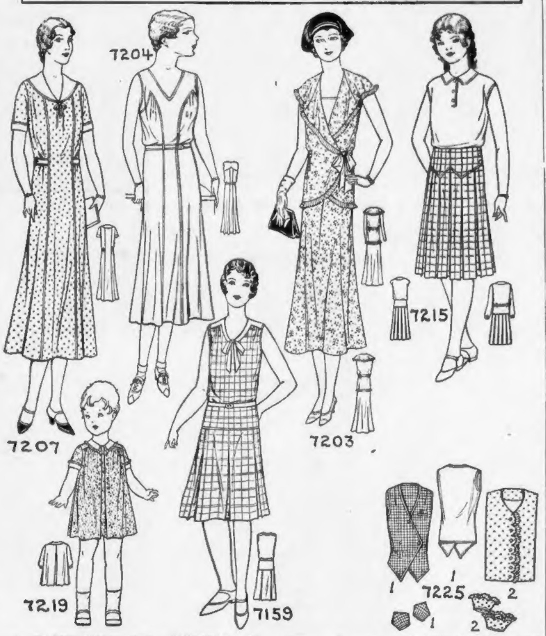
And of course when it comes to pots, pans and things, these are to be had in charming diminutive models just as efficient and far more delightful to work with than larger utensils.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit, Meat and Potato Hash (Left-Over), Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Raspberries, Savory Omelet, Graham Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Orange Juice or Peaches, Prepared Cereal, Baked Bacon, Potato Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Baked Apples or Apple Sauce, Salmon Balls, Creamed Potatoes, Crusty Rolls, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Plums, Scrambled Eggs with Minced Bacon or Asparagus, Twin Mountain Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Sliced Peaches, New England Pickled Lambs' Tongues, Creamed Potatoes, Graham Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit Juice, Soft Cooked Eggs, Rice Pancakes, Coffee.
Luncheon Red Beet Bouillon, Vegetables in Casserole, Cantaloupe, Iced Tea.	*Luncheon* Broiled Trout, Escarole Salad, Sponge Cake with Lemon Sauce, Iced Punch.	*Luncheon* Corn Pudding, Glazed Carrots, Gooseberry Charlotte, Iced Tea or Punch.	*Luncheon* Frizzled Dried Beef, Vegetable Hash, Peach Shortcake, Iced Coffee or Punch.	*Luncheon* Waldorf Salad, French Rolls, Left-Over Apple or Cherry Pie, Punch or Iced Tea.	*Luncheon* Cauliflower au Gratin, Watermelon Salad, Russian Tea.	*Dinner* Baked Chicken, Cream Giblet Gravy, Steamed Rice, Lima Beans, Sweet Pickled Carrots, Sliced Cucumbers and Tomatoes, Fruit Tapioca, Jelly Sauce.
Dinner Broiled Ham, Steamed Potatoes or Spaghetti, Buttered Spinach, Pineapple Mint Sherbet.	*Supper (Cold)* Romaine and Ham Salad, Horseradish Mayonnaise, Ice Box Rolls, Prune Pudding.	*Dinner (Company)* Grapefruit Cocktail, Roast Crown of Lamb with Potatoes and Green Peas, Lemon Rice Pudding.	*Dinner* Cold Lamb, Delmonico Potatoes or Baked Macaroni, Jellied Cucumber Salad, Cherry or Apple Pie.	*Dinner* Steamed Fillets of Halibut, Egg Sauce, Parsley Potatoes, Buttered Beans, Baked Strawberry Pudding.	*Dinner* Smoked Pork Shoulder, Potatoes or Buttered Noodles, Favorite Cabbage, Cornstarch Pudding, Raspberry Sauce.	*Supper* Emergency Sandwiches (Left-Overs), Grecian Rice Pudding or Ice Cream, Punch.

American Weekly Patterns



A DAINTY FROCK FOR MORNING OR PORCH WEAR (7207). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 4¾ yards of 29-inch material. Contrasting material will require ⅝ yard 35 inches wide.

A STYLISH SPORTS DRESS FOR SLENDER FIGURES (7204). Designed in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size will require 3⅞ yards of 39-inch material. To finish with bias binding or piping will require 10¾ yards 1½ inches wide.

AN ATTRACTIVE SUMMER MODEL (7203). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 5½ yards of 35-inch material if made with sleeves. Without sleeves, 4⅝ yards will be required. For vestee and sash of contrasting material, ½ yard will be required.

A PRETTY FROCK FOR A TINY TOT (7219). Designed in 4 sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2 and 3 years. A 3-year size if made with long sleeves will require 2⅛ yards of 29-inch material. With short sleeves, 1⅞ yards will be required. Contrasting material requires ¼ yard.

A PLEASING STYLE (7159). Designed in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size will require 2⅝ yards of 39-inch material. Contrasting material will require ⅛ yard 29 inches wide and cut crosswise.

GIRL'S DRESS (7215). Designed in 5 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. To make as illustrated in the large view for a 12-year size requires 1¼ yards for the blouse and 2¼ yards for the skirt in 35-inch material. To make of one material and with the blouse with long sleeves requires 4 yards.

LADIES' DRESS ACCESSORIES (7225). Designed in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44, and extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. It requires 1⅝ yards of 35-inch material for No. 1 in a medium size and ⅞ yard for No. 2. To trim No. 2 as illustrated with plaiting will require 2 yards. To finish No. 1 with bias binding or piping requires 5 yards 1½ inches wide.

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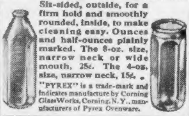
For they know that these bottles... of Pyrex heat-resisting glass... minimize breakage in heating milk or sterilizing. They safeguard your baby against the danger of interrupted feeding schedules.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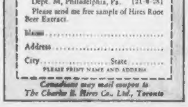
IN BOTTLES. At stores and stands you can buy a deliciously cool bottle of Hires Root Beer, ready to drink. Some folks prefer to buy it bottled instead of making it at home.



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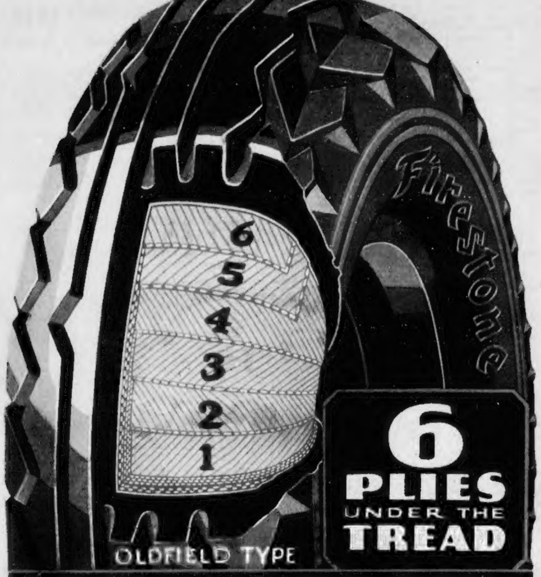

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Chevrolet	4.50-20	**5.60**	5.60	**10.90**
Ford	4.50-21	**5.69**	5.69	**11.10**
Ford Chevrolet Whippet	4.75-19	**6.65**	6.65	**12.90**
Erskine Plymouth	4.75-20	**6.75**	6.75	**13.10**
Chandler DeSoto Dodge Durant Graham-Paige Pontiac Roosevelt Willys-Knight	5.00-19	**6.98**	6.98	**13.60**

MAKE OF CAR	TIRE SIZE	Our Dealers' Cash Price, Each	*A Special Brand Mail Order Tire	Our Dealers' Cash Price, Per Pair
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Marquette Oldsmobile	5.25-18	**7.90**	7.90	**15.30**
Buick	5.25-21	**8.57**	8.57	**16.70**
Auburn Jordan Reo	5.50-18	**8.75**	8.75	**17.00**
Gardner Marmon Oakland Peerless	5.50-19	**8.90**	8.90	**17.30**

MAKE OF CAR	TIRE SIZE	Our Dealers' Cash Price, Each	*A Special Brand Mail Order Tire	Our Dealers' Cash Price, Per Pair
Studebaker	5.50-19	**$8.90**	$8.90	**$17.30**
Chrysler Viking	6.00-18	**11.20**	11.20	**21.70**
Franklin Hudson Hupmobile	6.00-19	**11.40**	11.40	**22.10**
LaSalle Packard	6.00-20	**11.50**	11.50	**22.30**
Pierce-Arrow	6.00-21	**11.65**	11.65	**22.60**
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More Weight, pounds	16.99	15.73
More Width, inches	4.75	4.74
More Thickness, inches	.627	.578
More Plies at Tread	6	5
Same Price	$5.69	$5.69

Size 6.00-19 H. D.	Firestone OLDFIELD TYPE	* A Special Brand Mail Order Tire
More Rubber Vol., cu. in	298	267
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